

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 7, No. 47 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors,
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 359

Around Town.

The question of the *bona fides* of the Huronario Aqueduct Company is occupying a certain amount of attention. It is unfortunate for this concern that its chief promoter fails to enjoy the confidence of the City Council. This being admittedly the case, I cannot be thought ungenerous if I speak of the whole scheme as it is spoken of by others, nor be thought inconsistent if now, as always, I denounce the Ship Canal scheme as a circus balloon intended to attract the eyes of the people to a smaller and more creditable concern. The promoters of the Huronario Ship Canal monstrosity should have known that their chief and only practicable scheme would be injured by the making of the preposterous proposition which was their original claim to public attention. Now that they have become more moderate in their promises and more practical in their methods, they cannot blame the public nor the aldermen who are supposed to guard the public interest if there be a very distinct remembrance of the dizzy foolishness of their original conduct. Prior to the advancement of their original absurdity, propositions had been made to the public that were identically their present scheme, separated entirely from any civic guarantees outside of the acceptance of water delivered in the reservoirs at a cost not exceeding the present price per gallon. The material out of which they built up their monstrosity was this proposal—investigated at one time by the City Council and endorsed later on by capitalists—and they added to it a scheme which was enough to make sensible people laugh and honest electors afraid. No doubt their idea was to alienate from those who already had the matter in hand any fresh chance to appeal to the public on behalf of the plan for bringing water and power to Toronto from the higher waters of Lake Huron or Lake Simcoe. After professing to have obtained a certain amount of capital they posture as astounded and outraged inasmuch as a number of aldermen of known value to the city fail to have any faith in their good intentions. If they had been honest and straightforward from the beginning this lion would not now be in their path. Having been devious and misleading, as is the habit of at least one of the chief promoters, they cannot now consider themselves in any worse plight than the card-sharper who is perhaps unduly watched when playing with gentlemen.

Undoubtedly there is money in the water and power scheme—big money. If the city sees fit to make this money and make the city at the same time, it is within the power of the corporation to do so. The facts in the case have been before the electors and aldermen for years—very fully for nearly two years, for it was an issue in the mayoralty campaign in '92-'93. Like the city plant for electric lighting, the advantages have been fully set forth, and it must be apparent that the moment is ripe when a decision must be arrived at. I believe the city should and could undertake the scheme. If the Council is not sure of itself in the matter, give the contract to somebody else and let the work go on. If they suspect the present syndicate, advertise for a new one, but move on.

It cannot be disguised that with the brag and buncome of the present chief promoter, suspicion entered the aldermanic heart. This, however, should not kill the idea. If the scheme is good go on with it in some shape or let the blusterer have the field, safeguarded, of course, by every enactment possible. In order to find out where the aggressive organization that demands a hearing stands, it would be business-like to make plain first: Has the deposit of one hundred thousand dollars a string on it? Is it the money of a bank lent to schemers who, if they get a franchise, will make it good, while if they lose, it will simply permit the bank to pull the money back into its coffers together with a certain sum for the accommodation? Have the company abandoned any pretension to the building of a ship canal? If they have not, no franchise should be granted them, for the scheme was wild and shoddy from the start.

Is the first million they propose to spend in a material shape? Toronto cannot afford to lose the chance of being the center of a great expenditure and the terminus of a great work, nor can it afford to be made a fool of. That the scheme is feasible, if divested of its canal absurdity, I do not doubt; that it would make money for its investors if prudently constructed, I do not doubt; that if constructed at all it would be of inestimable advantage to Toronto to self-evident. This much having been admitted, why should Toronto, as a corporation, hang back? By reason of a doubt of the *bona fides* of the promoters? Let it be remembered that it is only at second-hand that they got the scheme, and if it were original with them that it was de-

This shoddy phase of it can easily be ripped off. If the scheme is good it can be handled, not as the trick of a discredited promoter, but as the outgrowth of the carefully considered belief of a great city. Let us handle it that way!

If those connected with the present scheme were the originators of the idea or the first to offer to put money into it, I would say let them make money out of their shrewdness and brains. But it is not so. They are but the imitators of others, and if the people of Toronto are now educated up to this idea, as I hope they are, let straight business methods be adopted and to no one will an injustice be done, and the best there is in the idea will be brought out.

rather out of his ordinary habit. The act itself, however, and not the peculiarities of the man is before the public and justice should be done him and his meritorious enterprise. The letter issued by the trustees of the Massey Hall without doubt is a fair statement of the whole thing. While he gave the hall to Toronto he did not endow it or agree to run it. If he had, his benevolence would have been taxed considerably beyond what an ordinary man could stand. When the trustees demanded seventy-five dollars a night for the Moody revival meetings they stated a price which was remarkably low, and the men who criticized it showed their size to be remarkably small. Every day it becomes more apparent that if anybody does a generous

computation of eternity in a way that unsets my belief that they are, after anything but entertainment.

To-day the statue of Sir John Macdonald will be unveiled in the Queen's Park. As the country grows older and individually those who were critics of the great statesman's career grow older, the great accomplishments of the man and the achievements of his life-time are more generally admitted. It is easy for those who know nothing of the temptations of public life or the apathy which it so hard to disturb in those who should be foremost in promoting political affairs, to criticize leaders and point out with painful truthfulness and unutterable smallness this and that mistake, but when each member of the Canadian community takes himself aside and asks what he did to build up the Dominion, he will see in the room with him the spirit of the great Premier and will come out ready to speak words of eulogy for him who devoted his lifetime to the building up of Canada's nationality and the promotion of the enterprises which should make us great.

A great deal of discussion is going on with regard to the place the Patrons will occupy in the next Legislative Assembly. They know, and everybody knows, that they cannot become partisans in the political sense of the word. I think it is quite safe to let them take care of themselves. Indeed, that seems to be their idea, for nothing in their platform suggests that they care a continental what becomes of any of the rest of us. It appears to me to be a weakness in their sizing up of Canadian possibilities, that no regard is being shown to those who are not farmers. It reminds me of a story which is perhaps none too new: The principal tailor in a town was at the county hall in an English shire. These affairs are open to all comers, as it were, and the tailor, who had made a good deal of money, went up to the lord of the manor, who was gracing the event by his presence, with the remark, "My lord, this is a very mixed assembly," to which my lord replied, "That is so, but you know we cannot all be tailors." This is thrown in just incidentally to draw attention to the fact that we cannot all be farmers. Most of us have been farmers, and some first-rate farmers have been spoiled to make very poor lawyers and doctors and editors, yet it is the result of circumstances which the farmer should have controlled and we should not be blamed for it.

I heard a very good thing about an American traveler in England. As you all know, trunks are not checked there as they are here. The baggeman pastes a label on the thing and you have to watch it more or less till it arrives at its destination. The Yankee felt very insecure, inasmuch as he lacked the brass check to which he was used. At every stopping-place he got out and looked for his trunk to see that it was on board. The guard became very weary of the persistent inquiries. At last he said, "Do you know, I wish you was a

elephant instead of a bass." The American enquired why. "Because, if you was a elephant you would always have your trunk in front of you."

The policy of the corporation it seems to me should be in the direction of making the Water Front more attractive than it is. Visitors come in and see Toronto from an Esplanade point of view and go away with the idea that it is a slovenly, ill kept city. It should be possible to make the locality which strangers see much more attractive than it is. There is no necessity of waiting until the Union station is built, but activity should be shown in straightening up—at least tidying up—localities which necessarily impress those who pass through. The Island is very rapidly becoming attractive in summer time, but we should have no place where the stranger can see offensive things. Those who pass through Toronto nowadays are certainly not given the best view of our resources, our cleanliness, or the many things that make Toronto pleasant and lovable to those who reside here. It would certainly be to our profit if the aldermen were

CHARGER OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS.

demonstrated a score of centuries ago that good can come out of Nazareth. The proposition then rests in this shape: Firstly—A majority of the aldermen believe in the Water and Power scheme with a northern lake as source. A number of them do not believe in the *bona fides* of the promoters. Then let them advertise for tenders. Some people think that great wealth will be conferred on those who undertake this work. This is an age of competition, therefore advertise the privilege for sale as the street-car franchise was advertised. If it is so good a thing it will be snapped up. If the present tenderers are the only holders of a charter it is inconceivable that others could not obtain similar privileges. The whole trouble, to my mind, has arisen out of the primary conditions of the project; that is to say, the scheme was so large, so inexplicable to the mind of the average stay-at-home man who does not know that the world has been re-created by electricity, that it was esteemed a fad. Nextly, as the electoral mind was beginning to grasp it, a rubbishy canal farce was added to it in order to attract the silly people who believe in "great works."

The one thing that every public-spirited citizen should guard against is the small, plausible principle that nobody should be let make anything out of an idea that is obviously in Toronto's interests. We can afford any sort of a deal in preference to a hold-back programme laid down by men who believe in nothing because they have nothing to think or believe with.

The scheme is good; the working out of it is really the great problem of the decade as far as Toronto is concerned. Age may ripen it, we may fall to pay interest and taxes while it is being worked; therefore let the matter be considered seriously at once, settled for good, and the future development of the city will thus be assured.

The people of Toronto, or at least a section of the press, which presumably represents a phase of popular sentiment, seem hard to please. When Mr. Massey built the Massey Music Hall and donated it to the City of Toronto, he did a generous act which, by way of passing comment, may be remarked as

thing for Toronto or any section of Toronto, some wide-mouthed agitator tries to prove that he ought to have done more. The men who make the greatest disturbance in this matter never give up any time or money to the furtherance of philanthropic schemes. The Massey Hall is there, it is the people's property; when it is used a certain amount has to be paid for it in order to maintain it, and those who have brought Mr. Moody here to revive us spiritually should be the last ones to haggle over their portion of the maintenance. Of course if Mr. Massey brought Mr. Moody he should pay him or at least assisted to do so—not in connection with the hall, but as one of those who invited the gentle, world loved Moody to this city. If Mr. Moody cannot save seventy-five dollars' worth of soups per night with the enormous opportunities which will be given to him by an audience that could gather in no other building in the city, he will certainly be working in a field that has very little in it. It seems harsh to reckon up our future prospects in this cold-blooded way, and yet the committee in charge of the affair forces this mathematical



to notice this deficiency and do something for the railroad front at once. We do not, and cannot, know how the opinions of others are formed, yet it is within the limit of aldermanic possibilities to make what is obvious to all visitors as slightly objectionable as possible.

A couple of weeks ago I called attention to the increase of mendicancy. No attention seems to have been paid to it by the authorities, for begging is still as prevalent as ever and the pertinacity of those who solicit alms is even greater. I do not desire to appear as one who refuses to give, yet it is very objectionable to have the giving made involuntary and disheartening by the presentation of horrible deformities, repulsive features or extreme decrepitude. It is sad to think that all of us may degenerate into possible alms seekers, yet the taxes of the city, not the nerves and susceptibilities of the people, should be made respond to the claims of those who cannot take care of themselves.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The first reception held by Mrs. Kirkpatrick since the family bereavement which threw Sir David Macpherson's family into mourning last winter, took place on Wednesday afternoon and was a brilliant affair. Scores of society people and many widely known in other and soldier fields of conquest paid their respects to the gracious mistress of Government House, who received them with the charming welcome which she knows so well how to accord. From shortly after four o'clock the stream of visitors came and went, until the tea-room was a babel of bright tones and a changing picture of smart gowns and smiling faces. The Lieutenant-Governor was out of town, being absent unavoidably on an official engagement, and everyone missed his genial greeting. Among the visitors were: Mr. and Miss Nordheimer, who, I think, brought with them Mr. Reginald De Koven—at all events the clever young man, whose production of Rob Roy has had so furious a rage at the Grand this week, was at the reception and made lots of friends; Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mrs. Willie Mulock, looking very pretty in her large red cloak with black fur edged cape; Mr. and the Misses Eimale, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Misses Riordan, Bunting, Arthurs, Colonel Otter, Dr. Meyers, Mr. Minty, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Horace Lee of Ottawa, Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Young of Winnipeg, the Misses Strickland, the Misses Murphy, Miss Mary Drayton, Miss Katie Stevenson, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Thomas, Edgar, Burritt, Minty, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Miss Houston of Niagara, and a great many others who are glad to enjoy again the bright hour's reunion at Government House on Wednesdays. The salons looked very handsome and numbers of fine plants and palms were effectively placed here and there. I think the very prettiest feature in Mrs. Kirkpatrick's drawing-room is the arrangement of beautiful soft-tinted silk cushions on fauteuils and sofas. There are literally dozens of them, charmingly and cosily piled up, and when one remarks on their beauty and abundance one may be fortunate enough to catch one of those bright looks for which brown eyes are the happiest medium, and hear a sweet voice say confidentially, "It is one of my pet weaknesses, a love of plenty of pretty cushions," and one wishes devoutly that all life's hard corners may be duly cushioned for her who speaks.

The Hunt Club's first race meet was held last Saturday, and weather, sport and attendance combined to make it a most encouraging and enjoyable success. The October afternoon was as bright as could be, and though the air was rather chill, the fair faces that adorned the members' stand showed not a tinge of discomfort. The boxes were filled with a smart crowd, among whom were: The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. Percy and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. George Beardmore, Mrs. McCullough, Mr. S. and Miss Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, President and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Annie Hendrie, Major and Mrs. John D. Hay, Mr. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. R. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mrs. and the Misses James, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss Ethel White, Miss Arthur, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Miss Walker, Mr. Bertie and Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Totten and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. Alfred Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mr. George Stimson, Capt. Lessard, Mr. and Mrs. Small, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Will and the Misses Homer Dixon, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth, Grant, Miss Addie Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, the Misses Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, Miss Amy Riordan, and many others. Among the pretty gowns was Miss Hendrie's fawn flowered silk with cherry ribbons, with which she wore a charming hat wreathed with red cherries; Mrs. Hay was in brown velvet and wore a large hat that became her to perfection; Mrs. Hendrie was warmly wrapped in black velvet and ermine, and wore a small dainty bonnet; Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy looked wonderfully well, and was in a rich heavy costume with a bonnet set off with ermine velvet trimmings; Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore mottled gray with black serpentine braid in many rows and vest of mouse-color corded velvet with pearl buttons; Mrs. Forsyth Grant was in black and white, her beautiful ermine snugly encircling her plump face; Mrs. FitzGibbon, who is always one of the most elegant and beautiful women, looked lovely in a large hat and black and white gown; Mrs. Cecil Gibson topped a dainty costume with a smart bonnet with satin ribbons in deep rose, and a fluffy neck ruche in the same cosy-looking shade, making a very pretty spot of warmth and brightness; Miss Riordan, with her charming sea shell complexion and auroreole of flaxen hair, was trimly gowned, and wore a nothing of a bonnet in jet and pale blue;

Mrs. Ed. Cox had a very smart little flat bonnet with mercury wings springing from bright red choux of velvet; Mrs. Janes wore also a dainty little bonnet, and a wrap of royal purple velvet with jet passementerie; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald was warmly wrapped in a mink cloak; Miss Cawthra wore a charming French gown, a daring combination of green and blue, which was vastly chic. Many a dazzling costume only showed peeps and hints of lustrous satin and soft velvet, for the dames who are sensitive to cold remained hidden under furs and wrapped in rich cloaks. The races were watched with an interest and appreciation never seen at any other meet, for a personal acquaintance quickens both. The red-coat race was beautifully ridden to win by Mr. Forester on Dodo. It was a real pleasure to see this perfect horseman making the pace and many congratulations greeted him, though there was disappointment among some of the

Trow, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. Peter Ball, Mr. Edward McClung, Miss McClung, Dr. and Mrs. Greig, Miss Eddie Morrison, Miss Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Malone, Miss Lampert, Dr. Stacey and others.

Mr. Herbert C. Kennedy, youngest son of Mayor Kennedy, has gone to New York.

Miss Ella Stanbury is visiting friends in Woodstock.

Miss Lye of Parkdale left last week to spend some time with her father in Detroit.

Mr. George Ince has returned from Japan, where he has been for many months.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher are residing at 55 Wellesley street for the winter.

Miss Maude Beach has gone to New York, where she will make her home and enter on a course of musical study under the best masters. Toronto will miss this sweet vocalist who has so often charmed by her singing in opera and concert.

The residence of Mr. J. F. Brown, Dowling avenue, Parkdale, was the scene of a very merry gathering on Friday evening of last week, the occasion being a farewell dance to Miss Annie Ellis of New York, who has been one of Toronto's guests this summer. Mrs. Brown, one of June's brides, dispensed the duties of hostess. Among those present were: Mrs. Alt. Merrick, Miss Annie Ellis of New York, Miss M. Fraser, Miss Rene Hadley, the Misses Miln, the Misses Tinning, Miss Bywater, Miss Holm and the Misses Anderson, and Messrs. H. Walker, J. McKittrick, Griffin, Fred Armstrong, H. Wilson, H. Fraser, J. Miln, R. Somers, F. Martin and others.

Dr. Stevenson is away for a visit of a couple of weeks.

The little maids of St. Simon's congregation hold a sale of work this afternoon in the schoolroom, in aid of Seaton Village. The work is all done by the children themselves.

Mrs. Theodore King, who has been the guest of Mrs. Digman, 250 Ruskin road.

Mrs. Street Macklem left for England on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Grasett Baldwin gave a small dinner on Friday last.

A very delightful dance was that at the Victoria Club given during the visit of the English cricketers. The club did not go in for elaborate display, and the buffet supper was of the lightest possible description, but the guests enjoyed themselves to the utmost, proving that it is not altogether the cost of a function which makes for success. A goodly number of the leaders of society turned out, and the lady patrons were a representative group of Toronto's nice people. The cricketers, who were dining at Government House and elsewhere, arrived at about ten o'clock, Lady Agnes de Trafford, with her sister-in-law, Miss Maud de Trafford, with Mr. de Trafford. Lady Agnes wore a robe de bal of white faille with buttercup bodice and foot-trimmings. She is a rather tall and animated young woman, with a charming English voice; Miss de Trafford is petite, with dark hair and bright color, and wore a turquoise blue silk gown; both ladies were very simply coiffed. Another stranger was Mrs. Ogilvie, a bride from Quebec, who will reside in Kingston after her honeymoon, of which the Victoria dance was a pleasant episode; Mrs. Gibson was in pale fawn brocaded satin with a berthe of chiffon frills; Mrs. Cosby wore a magnificent gown of delicate green brocaded satin, with velvet trimmings and diamonds; Mrs. Sweny was in a dainty gown of white silk and gold passementerie; Mrs. John Cawthra was also handsomely gowned in rich brocade; Mrs. FitzGibbon, who was more an onlooker than a participant in the gayety, gave people a glimpse of a charming dress in the early part of the evening; Mrs. Miles wore black lace with white ribbons; Mrs. Chadwick wore a rich gown of canary silk and black lace; Mrs. John Wright was in heliotrope brocade with white lace; Mrs. F. C. Moffatt looked stunning in white satin, with a large knot of pink and crimson roses on the left shoulder and in her golden hair, which was, as usual, arranged to perfection; Mrs. Henry Duggan was in white; Mrs. Frank Anglin in rose pink; Mrs. Montizambert in black with handsome trimmings; Mrs. Dansford wore a pale flesh-tinted satin with trimmings of garnet velvet; Mrs. Farrar was gowned in mauve silk, veiled in black lace; Mrs. Cecil Gibson wore a striped silk in pale blue and white; Mrs. Harmann was in black silk and lace; Mrs. Stephen Haas wore gray and pink brocade; Mrs. Hens black moire and lace; Mrs. Wallbridge was in black with rich passementerie; Mrs. Maddison wore a black gown with scarlet full sleeves veiled in white; Mrs. Oliphant, black silk and jet, with chiffon; Mrs. Sprague was also in black, with apple green velvet sleeves and black lace. Many other handsomely gowned matrons graced the scene, and among the unmarried women present I remarked: Misses Montizambert, Hodgins, Small, Rae, Macdonald, Montgomery, Thompson, Rowan of Winnipeg, B. Dartnell of Whitby, Walker, Matthews, Hugel, King, Emslie, Horetsky, Amy Beatty, Chadwick, Gaylord, Hedley, Scott, Cawthra, McMurray, Mason, T. Mason, Morphy, Hopkins, Strickland, Wadsworth, Wallbridge, and, besides the guests of the evening, grave-faced Lord Hawke and the victorious eleven, Captain Kirkpatrick, Major Cosby, Captain Robertson, Captain Michie, Judge Darrell, Colonel Sweny, Dr. Trow, Peters, Fletcher, Thistle, Meyers, Bentley, Messrs. Alfred Jones, Goldingham, Cowan, Fleury, Cawthra, Thomas, Minty, O'Reilly, Chadwick, Frazee, Denison, Dansford, Harman, Small, Balnes, Bull, Polson, Knight, Hoskin, and J. Wright, were a few of the gentlemen present.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Morrison have taken up house at 173 Madison avenue. Mrs. Morrison will be at Home on Wednesday and Thursday, November 14 and 15.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, the popular proprietor of the Summit House, P. C. Cockburn, Muskoka, is visiting friends in the city.

Mouseigneur O'Bryan, Papal Legate of Rome, is at present the guest of Sir Frank and Lady Smith of Rivermount.

Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie left on Friday of last week for Niagara and other points of interest.

Mr. J. Turner Gillard, who has been spending a holiday in Hamilton, goes in a few days to fill a position in one of the largest tea houses in New York.

The Woman's Medical College held their annual reception at the college on Sumach street on Monday evening, and, as usual, the building was thronged with guests. Addresses and reports with a valedictory were read from the usual cognate of vantage on the grand staircase by the professors of the college and the lecturers, Miss Simington reading the valedictory. Principal Caven and others spoke briefly, after which the guests were regaled with some very delicious fruit-ices and cakes, and also escorted about the building. I am informed that a residence for the lady students is one of the crying needs of the hour, and can quite understand the advantages which such an addition would assure to the college. Let us hope that before the next reunion a residence will be fairly accomplished.

News has come of the engagement and shortly-to-be-consummated marriage of Miss Jardine-Thomson to an American millionaire.

Mrs. and Miss G. B. Smith of Sherbourne street were at Home to a large circle of friends last Saturday evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Dr. Tolstie, D. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Edward

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Morrison have taken up house at 173 Madison avenue. Mrs. Morrison will be at Home on Wednesday and Thursday, November 14 and 15.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, the popular proprietor of the Summit House, P. C. Cockburn, Muskoka, is visiting friends in the city.

Mouseigneur O'Bryan, Papal Legate of Rome, is at present the guest of Sir Frank and Lady Smith of Rivermount.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

A very charming wedding which owed one of its most successful features to the beautiful weather which prevailed on the date of the ceremony, October 2, was that of Miss Christina Hay, daughter of the late James Hay of Wood-

stock and sister to the mayor of that city, and Mr. Malcolm Douglas, also of Woodstock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. McMullen, pastor of Knox church, and took place under a marquee on the lawn of the summer residence of the Mayor, Mr. James Hay. Miss Hay's wedding gown was of cream white poplin trimmed with pearl passementerie, and she wore a veil and wreath of natural flowers, bride roses. Her little maids of honor were Miss Eliza Hay, daughter of Mayor Hay, and Miss Jessie Hay, daughter of Mr. John Hay of Owen Sound. They wore frocks of pink crepon, and carried shepherdess hats filled with roses slung by ribbons to their arms. Miss McMullen was bridegroom, in buttcup Indian gauze with yellow roses. The best man was Mr. Will Douglas, of McCarthy, Osler & Co. After the ceremony a *dejeuner* was served under canvas and an orchestra played upon the lawn. This *al fresco* wedding was voted one of the prettiest ceremonies possible, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left on the afternoon train, followed by hearty congratulations, for a trip to various American cities. On their return they will reside in Woodstock. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Bernard avenue, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hay, Mr. and Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Pieper of Owen Sound, Miss McTaggart of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hay of New York, Miss Woodhull of Saginaw, Miss McTaggart of Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. John Bain of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Gillespie of Hamilton, Mrs. McLean of Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. James Nasmyth of Stratford, and others. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl star, and the bridegroom and maids of honor, pearl pins.

Try our new glove with the patent cut thumb—the most durable and comfortable ever made. We have it in all the new shades both for street and evening wear.

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A large variety of the newest cuts and styles for Tailor-made Gowns.

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SPECIAL.—The only artists in Canada who are making the new Bolero Skirt as worn in Paris and New York.

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Music.

DeKoven and Smith's new comic opera, *Robin Hood*, which is holding the boards at the Grand this week, is being produced on a scale of splendor, whether regarded from a musical, dramatic or scenic point of view, which has seldom been equaled in Toronto. The dramatic and scenic features of the production are treated of by our dramatic editor in another column. Musically the work will not, in my opinion, bear comparison with DeKoven's earlier work, *Robin Hood*, when viewed from the standpoint of comic opera. Several numbers, it is true, particularly the finales of the first and second acts, rise to a musical level superior perhaps to anything contained in *Robin Hood*, but the general serious vein pervading the numbers instanced is more suggestive of grand than comic opera. The clever simultaneous employment of well known Scottish melodies in the finale of the second act furnishes a striking proof of the musicianship of the composer, although the decidedly composite character of the finale of this act and of the work, as a whole, suggesting at times Wagner and again Sullivan, Offenbach and others, betrays a lack of originality which materially weakens the general effect. The orchestration is clever throughout. A noticeable absence of catchy melodies and characteristic solo numbers is probably due in part to the lack of suggestive material in the libretto.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the portrait of Master Willie Reburn, who has been successful in winning the scholarship given by the Toronto College of Music for the best boy soprano. The successful candidate is entitled to one year's instruction, valued at one hundred dollars, under Miss Norma Reynolds. Willie is the son of Sergeant Reburn of the Toronto detective department, and brother of Master Eddie Reburn, the phenomenal boy singer, who also was a



MASTER WILLIE REBURN.

pupil of Miss Reynolds. Willie, who is twelve years of age, has a very high clear treble voice, singing "C" in alt easily. He is a chorister in All Saints' church under Mr. W. E. Fairclough.

An important musical event will be the two concerts to be given by the Torbett Concert Company in the Massey Music Hall on Tuesday and Saturday evenings next, October 18 and 20. The composition of this organization is of unusual excellence. Miss Torbett's fame as a violinist, like good wine, needs no bush. She is described by some critics as a fit successor to Camilla Urso. Mr. Rudolf Von Scarpa, the pianist, is not new to Toronto, having already appeared with much success here, while of the Lutteman Male Sextette from Stockholm it is claimed that as exponents of part-singing they have but few equals. Popular prices for such an excellent company should fill the large hall to overflowing. The

A Daughter of the Philistines

BY M. E. O. MALEN,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Only a Heathen," "The Stolen Will," "Two Countesses," "Naomi, the Gipsy," "The Shadow Hand," "Greville's Wife," &c.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

As soon as the birds began to twitter drowsily under the eaves the girls got up and dressed themselves and went downstairs. Passing the studio they peeped in, and saw Mr. Chester had made himself as comfortable as the circumstances would allow, and was sleeping soundly. They had made sure that Violet was not in her room, and the fear that had been on them all night made them feel as if it were their duty to go and search for her at the Murderer's Pool.

Kathleen fetched some milk and bread out of the house, and they made a hurried breakfast, sitting on the door-step, then went off, reluctant but resolute, across the poor lay, As they approached the pool Nora pointed with a shaking hand at a black scarf with embroidered edges which undoubtedly belonged to Violet, caught hold of it, and the two set off running home. When they reached the Chase they were breathless and agitated, and could hardly tell Mr. Chester their news when he came out to meet them. He sent at once for the police and the Pool was dragged, but no body was found, and nothing more belonging to Violet, although they brought up Bonnell's watch, which had been stolen at the time of his murder, and also a pistol.

Mr. Chester was standing at the door talking to the constable when the postman handed him a letter. Kathleen and Nora recognized their sister's handwriting, and glanced at their father anxiously, pleadingly, for some sign of relenting. Perhaps for a moment he had been near yielding, for he was not a hard man only obstinate; but, if so, the mere sense of his weakness made him more determined, and he marched past them sternly into the kitchen, where he thrust poor Stella's letter between the red bars of the grate, and watched it until it was a mere black scorch. Then it dropped among the ashes, and Kathleen burst into tears and ran away.

No doubt Mr. Chester felt that it was a fine thing to be so just and wise, and compared himself to Rhadamanthus, or, even better, a Brutus; but this was not the role he had accustomed himself to play, and he had an uneasy consciousness that it did not suit him. Of course, he had only done what was right and meted out to Stella the measure she had meted out to others, as he had sworn to do; still, she was his child, and it comes naturally to make allowances for those you love. The temptation might have come upon her in some "unguarded hour, poor soul!" And she was so impulsive and unguarded that she had given her word before she remembered the sin she was committing. Had he ever taught her how to resist temptation? He had been a careless guardian, and had trusted over much to her natural instinct, forgetting that a grand passion sweeps everything before it, and that Stella, by reason of her artistic temperament and lax training, would have been very helpless in the hands of a clever man of the world, whose fascination of manner cast a glamor over her and blinded her to his lax principles. He might have persuaded her that Violet's claims could be set aside, that his secret marriage was null and void, there were a hundred inducements he might have used, and Stella's ignorance of the world was a belief in him which had made her an easy victim. But she had stepped deliberately over the precipice, with her eyes wide open, seeing all the peril to her soul and her good name yet deemed the world well lost, and heaven, too, for love's sake, even Mr. Chester, angry as he was with her, could hardly believe, and therefore there was a reason for opening the letter he had just destroyed.

But it was too late for any regret now, nor did he actually admit that he had any regret. He went back to his place at the front gate, and stood there watching the lane until he saw Jane coming, and then went back indoors.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Now that Kathleen was housekeeper she had no time to indulge her feelings, in the morning at any rate, for she had to see to the cooking whilst Jane scrubbed. When the joint was down she needed constant basting in the interval of preparing the pudding, and then she must mix the horseradish sauce, for Stella had solemnly warned her never to trust Jane with sauces, as they required making in the same way that a great painter mixed his colors—with brush and palette.

It was past noon before she could get out of the kitchen, and when she went into the studio she found that Mr. Chester had actually been driven to work as a last resource against the intolerable suspense which made every minute seem almost an hour. As soon as he had swallowed his dinner he went off to make enquiries, and in the course of the next few days he scoured the whole country around, but he never found the faintest clue to Violet's whereabouts, and he came to the conclusion at last that she had preferred to blot herself out and wished to be dead to them from henceforth.

"I am sure I am quite willing," said Kathleen boldly, when Mr. Chester expressed this opinion to her. "I believe she had the evil eye, for we never seemed to have anything but misfortune after she came inside the house. Of course you didn't know half; it was you making you uncomfortable, and we had a great deal to bear. If we had known she had troubles we might have made allowances for her, but she always took the tone that she was a stoic, and none of the evils of life could touch her. So not being allowed to pity her, we hated her instead."

"Of course she saw that and withdrew into herself, as it were. I saw the way she was received by one of you the night she came—"

"Yes, I know; but she always had proper attention all the same, and Nora waited on her hand and foot, papa. I have grieved and worried over her mysterious departure, but it is like her, after all. Whatever she may say of others, you and I and Nora did her no harm, and yet it never struck her to show us any consideration. We were sure to be terribly worried, but what did she mind? I dare say she has been gloating over her fine piece of revenge whilst we have been sick with fear and suspense, and living with a Damocles' sword suspended over our heads."

"You are prejudiced against your cousin," said Mr. Chester with grave reproof. "You forget her wrongs."

"I forgot nothing," continued Kathleen with great spirit. "As far as her wrongs, she brought them on herself."

This was trenching on forbidden ground and might bring to her lips involuntarily a name which had been banished like its unhappy owner, and Kathleen drew herself up sharply.

"What is the use of this discussion?" enquired her father warmly. "It is so much better always to avoid subjects on which people don't agree. You know I love peace, and if little else is left us, at least let us have that."

"You only I can judge, for you of one thing, poor, and that is that Violet came here to suit her own purpose, and simply made convenience of us from beginning to end; and then she added, with a burst of passionate irresistible resentment, 'she held her divine at a time when by all laws human and divine she was bound to speak.'

"That is enough," said Mr. Chester hoarsely, but he did not look so much angered as disengaged. "I told you before I would not discuss this subject with you or anyone. Thank heaven, at any rate, that your mother is dead."

"And with this he caught up his pipe and fuses off the table, and hurried from the room

and out into the lanes, as one pursued by some evil, obtrusive, ever haunting thought, which left him no ease and rest.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The discovery of Bonnell's watch and the pistol with which the murderer had been committed, caused a great sensation in Chisbury, and renewed the excitement that had prevailed not only in the neighborhood but in the whole county at the time of Bonnell's death, but it had no other result. The police worked with renewed zeal for a few days, and the local papers were always dropping mysterious hints, which would soon culminate in some startling revelations, and even went so far as to state positively that the woman, who is generally the motive for such deeds, had been found, but the police themselves did not pretend to be so well informed as the editor of the *Stourborough Advertiser*, and candidly declared that they were as much in the dark as ever.

Meanwhile the old Rector of Chisbury died, and the living being in Lady Chisbury's gift, she presented it to a cousin of hers, a young fellow fresh from Oxford, who had only been ordained a year. He was a tall, fair, athletic-looking young man, with a ridiculously boyish face and manner, bright blue eyes, and a pleasant, frank smile. He was full of zeal, but fortunately it was tempered by discretion, so that he made friends at last even of those who had resented his boldness. Kathleen and Nora were always hearing how much the singing in church had improved, and how the service had brightened generally, and at last they decided to go and see for themselves.

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Going to church had the charm of novelty for Kathleen and Nora, and they felt so pleasantly excited they almost wondered they had not thought of it before. The sun was shining over their heads as they walked through the green lanes; the bees were humming, the birds singing; the white earth was rejoicing in its sweet summer-tide, and they were full of rejoicing in themselves. The village folk all admired the Chester girls, poor health and all women though they reckoned them, but they did not touch their caps to them, although they knew the Chesters had been great people once. Their fall was so complete there seemed no sense in recalling the past, and yet how different they looked from Mrs. Trendell-Smythe as she walked from her carriage to the church door, with her long silken train trailing in the dust amid so much rustic homage!

All this while life went on very quietly at the Chase. It was a treacherous sort of calm, perhaps, but it was a calm and a strange contrast to the great wave of emotion that had passed over them so lately. During this time two letters came from Stella, but the girls did not know this. Like all weak men Mr. Chester was obstinate, and did not dare give in for fear of being despised. Neither did he quite like to burn the letters, remembering how his conscience had troubled him the first time; so he made a sort of compromise and locked them away in his desk unopened. Stella did not write again after this, and the girls wondered sadly sometimes that she did not try to melt their father, little thinking that he had three chances of relenting.

Stella had been gone two months exactly when Mr. Mosley drove over to the Chase and gave an account of his stewardship. Bonnell's will had been proved and the stock on his farm disposed of at valuation for £1,500, and after deducting £150 for debts which he had advanced to Stella, and his own bill, he handed Mr. Chester the remainder, according as he said to his client's instructions. He took Mr. Chester's receipt for the whole, expressing at the same time his great admiration for Stella's business qualities. This was not the view of her character her father was accustomed to, being as Stella had once said, half impatiently, as blind as a bat, for his sublime ignorance of ways and means was sometimes touching, but often provoking. But he responded with dignity that he was not surprised, his girl had been very sensibly brought up.

Mr. Mosley rather doubted if they had been brought up at all, in the ordinary sense of the term; but these are not things you can say to people's faces, and anyhow, as far as he could judge, natural aptitude and good sense had taken the place of elaborate training, so that the result was scarcely to be condemned superficially speaking.

As he went out he saw Kathleen and Nora in the garden, and raised his hat to them, and they looked so handsome and picturesque in their red berretas, tossed carelessly on their dark heads, he said to himself.

"By Jove! If the girls had £10,000 apiece I would marry the prettiest of them. As it is there is no help for it, poor souls! They will all three die old maids."

Mr. Chester watched the perky little lawyer off the premises with an expression on his face of a man whose nerves had been set on edge; then he walked three times up and down the garden to get himself well in hand, and presently stopped in front of his two daughters and said abruptly:

"How should you like to go back to London, girls? I have been thinking the matter over very seriously, and I have come to the conclusion that it is a great mistake for poor people to live in London, but these are not things you can say to people's faces, and anyhow, as far as he could judge, natural aptitude and good sense had taken the place of elaborate training, so that the result was scarcely to be condemned superficially speaking."

"I know, but everybody would—"

"But there are heaps of people in the world who are neither."

"A few who are both."

"Perhaps," answered Nora doubtfully, and then all of a sudden her face was alight, her eyes shining like stars, and turning around Kathleen saw Gerald Blandford just opening the gate.

"This is why Nora wants to stay at Chisbury then," she said to herself, wondering she had not found out her secret before. "Poor darling! I hope it will end well!"

She watched the young man a good deal during the hour he stayed, but perhaps he was conscious of this scrutiny and on his guard, for she made no discoveries concerning him.

They might have reminded him that he had thought the matter over seriously three years before, and come to the conclusion that it was a great mistake for poor people to live in London, only he might not have cared to be reminded of this inconsistency, so they kept silent whilst he explained argumentatively that in the country, unless you had means, you were shut out from all the refinements and enjoyments of life. You could not hold intercourse with people of culture, your most artistic conceptions were spoilt for lack of intelligent sympathy, and you lost heart for your work because you met with no sympathy.

"But, papa, you said at one time that the beauty of the country inspired you," Kathleen said.

He should work when he got to London, he declared, but just now he was profoundly discouraged, entirely out of gear, and of course it was impossible to do anything satisfactory in those circumstances.

Kathleen listened to him with a faint smile on her lips. He was her father, and she was bound to seem to accept his explanations, but in her own mind she kept the conviction experience had given her, that Mr. Chester's good resolutions would never be strong enough to bear any strain on them, and he would be a mere idler as long as he lived. Her heart sank within her when she pictured the future as seen by the light of her own consciousness, but she was strong and brave, and if only Nora were happily provided for she could bear the rest.

The next few days there were still so busy that he had no time to think. He had secured a place at Stowborough, and was off their mind, and, moreover, quite concealed for the parting when she pictured herself astonishing the natives "with her town finery and future Sundays out."

So that Nora was Kathleen's one anxiety.

Gerald Blandford was at the house nearly every day, and was kind and helpful, even more when he was alone with Nora, as often happened, but the words the girl was breaking her heart to hear were never spoken, and her courage grew weaker, her hopes fainter every hour.

The last afternoon of their stay Mr. Chester burst upon them suddenly, in a state of great agitation, and asked if anyone had been into the north wing, as he had missed something from there which had belonged to their mother and was of great value in his eyes.

The look of surprise, even horror, on their faces at the mere suggestion answered him, even before they could utter a denial or ask what was going on.

"It was a small marble image of the Virgin," he answered, being thus directly questioned. "It was one of your mother's favorite relics, and was given to her on her marriage by an old priest who had known her since she was a child. She looked upon it as a sort of talisman, and although, as you are quite aware, I have no superstitions of this sort, it was val-

Gerald thought he had never seen any eyes so pretty as hers—except Nora's.

As he passed the gate leading into the lane, Mr. Daxie was passing, and called to his coachman to stop. As a cousin of Lady Chisbury's, Gerald had been effusively welcomed by the neighborhood in general, and Mr. Daxie had been one of the first to call upon him. Gerald had, of course, returned his call, but having an instinctive dislike to the man had taken care their acquaintance went no further. But when the other beckoned him to the side of the carriage he was obliged to go, although he refused his offer of a seat promptly and decidedly.

"You come from the Chesters, I see. Fine young women, aren't they?" said Mr. Daxie caressingly.

"They are quite beautiful," responded Gerald; "the youngest, particularly has the sweetest eyes I ever saw."

"That's Nora; and she makes good use of them, too. It would have killed you with laughing to see how hard she tried to catch me. The best of it was—"

If Gerald had never seen Nora he would have taken her part, but having seen her he had the strongest possible inclination to knock Mr. Daxie down, and found that muscular Christianity had its temptations. However, he managed to restrain himself, and took an abrupt leave of Mr. Daxie by vaulting over a stile into the meadows, where he could not follow. Mr. Daxie shouted after him:

"Stop, sir, I want to tell you more about these Chesters. They are head over heels in debt, the father is an idle, unprincipled scoundrel—and—"

But Gerald was out of hearing by this time, and went on his way, whistling cheerfully. He guessed the truth, and could understand how infinitely repugnant Mr. Daxie's pretensions must have been to a beautiful girl of seventeen, and was not disposed to blame Nora for refusing £20,000 a year when it was hampered by such repulsive conditions.

He did not see the girls again for some days, for though Mr. Chester was at home when he called, they were not, and as his visit was not returned he had no excuse for repeating it.

But he was pleased to see them always in their place at church now, though he had a struggle with his own thoughts to prevent his thoughts from straying there. Nora's uplifted eyes were so earnest and sweet.

All this while life went on very quietly at the Chase. It was a treacherous sort of calm, perhaps, but it was a calm and a strange contrast to the great wave of emotion that had passed over them so lately. During this time two letters came from Stella, but the girls did not know this. Like all weak men Mr. Chester was obstinate, and did not dare give in for fear of being despised. Neither did he quite like to burn the letters, remembering how his conscience had troubled him the first time; so he made a sort of compromise and locked them away in his desk unopened. Stella did not write again after this, and the girls wondered sadly sometimes that she did not try to melt their father, little thinking that he had had three chances of relenting.

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"Do you know that she is in London?"

"Nora I think it is because Mr. Mosley has just paid him the rest of Stella's legacy, and he is longing to spend it," she answered rather bitterly.

"I suppose there is no help for it, she told us at first she was going there."

"And then there was Captain Dacres' letter."

"But that only proved that he wanted her to join him, not that she had done so, which I shall never believe unless Stella tells us so herself."

"But even if we knew where she was, papa wouldn't allow us to see her, Kathie."

"Nonsense, my dear. Don't you know papa?"

He has played the stern parent for a little while, but he is longing to relent. I am sure, and he is only holding out now because he is ashamed to give in."

"But disgrace is so terrible," sighed Nora.

"I am sure you don't know that he never made love to me," observed Nora with dignity.

Maude, the Fiancée. An Idyl of Hard Times.

"You told me that you loved me," he whispered hoarsely. "And now—now what do I find?"

"I am not aware, Harold Budworth," Maude Athelsteyne replied, drawing herself up to her full height, "that you have found anything. It is certainly not work. If you had found that, you would not be here."

"Sarcasm!" he hissed, "and from those lips that I have likened unto rubies!"

"Did I ask you to liken them unto rubies?" he retorted. "D D I! Answer me that."

"No," he replied meekly. "It was the spontaneous outpouring of my heart to the woman I loved," he added, recovering himself by an effort that cost him much.

A bitter laugh rent the silence of the night.

"Spontaneous outpouring of the heart!" she repeated slowly. "And you—do you pretend to understand woman and still say that she must be content with a spontaneous outpouring of the heart? . . . Let me tell you one thing, Harold Budworth, that while spontaneous outpourings of the heart may suffice for some women, they do not suffice for me. I want some spontaneous outpourings of the heart, but I cannot live on them. An occasional spontaneous outpouring of a pocket book, some indication on your part that you had something to support me in the style I am accustomed to with—"

"To with," he moaned.

"Yes—to with," she retorted. "If you can parse, you can see at a glance that 'to with' is an expression which even you in your writing can use with correctness and impunity; nay, even your former fiancée, Miss Perkins of Salem, Massachusetts, must admit that colloquially it is correct. I make no pretense to be literary, and why? Because I wish to be original, and in these fallen days the woman who does not write is unique. I, Harold Budworth, am that woman."

The proud girl walked to the window and gazed out into the night that Budworth might not see the tear which sprang into her eye. There she stood, her imperial figure standing out in the pale silver light of the moon like a bass-relief; her love; the center of his hopes and his affections; the woman who approximated more nearly than any other woman to whom he had ever been engaged, his ideal of womanhood, and who through a temporary, as he fondly hoped, misunderstanding was like to elude him, and become the bride of one of a dozen other admirers.

In a moment she returned to his side.

"What were we saying?" she asked.

"You were discussing Lindley Murray," he replied coldly.

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully. "I am not acquainted with Lindley Murray," she said. "Why do you deliberately falsify, Harold? I never knew but one Murray and his name was George E."

Budworth had a retort ready, but, wisely, he declined to give it utterance. He realized as few men do that the unuttered retort is often best.

"Cease your jealousies," she continued, "and come down to business. You say you have found something. What is it that you have found?"

"That the woman of my heart is false as she is fair. You told me that you loved me, and yet you are now at this moment engaged to twelve other men."

"And you blame me for that!" she cried, her face growing white with surprise. "Me?"

"And whom, pray, should I blame?" he asked coolly. "The McKinley bill?"

"I will tell you whom—the men who are responsible for these times, Harold Budworth. They are whom. What was a fiancée in the olden time? He was a man who first gave his love to woman; then he gave her an occasional carriage-ride, then he sent her flowers, then bonbons, then a trinket or two, then he would take her to a matinee, and in return she gave her whole heart; but to-day—to day—what is a loving woman forced to do to get her rights as a fiancée? She has to divide her affections up, Harold Budworth, among many. That is what I have done, and if I am engaged to Henderon Loring, it is because he takes me to drive; if to Robert Windamere, it is because he sends me bonbons; if to Warrington Richards, it is because he takes me to matinees, and so on. You—you can afford to give me only love. Well, so be it, but when you chide me because in an effort to get those things to which a fiancée is entitled I promise to marry a dozen others, then I resent your words. When you can take care of a fiancée and protect her in all her rights, she should be wholly yours, but not until then. You have your explanation—now leave me."

And throwing herself upon the sandy beach, Maude sobbed herself to sleep, while Harold walked sadly away.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Sixteen more chapters of this story, telling how Budworth went out to Australia and made a fortune large enough to satisfy the most rapacious fiancée, will be written as they are called for and sent under cover to applicants. Every request for an additional chapter must be accompanied by a one-dollar bill, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The climax of the story will be altered to suit readers on payment of an additional fee of \$5 per alteration.]—*Harper's Bazaar.*

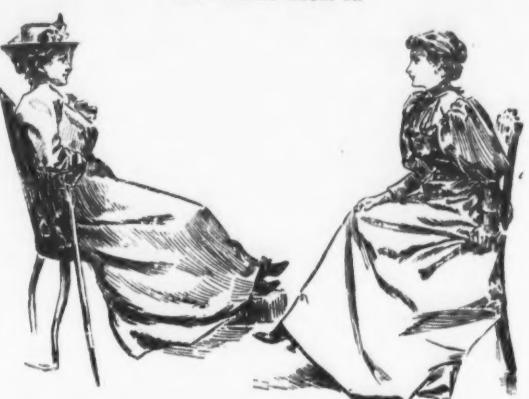
Idea Peddlers in Chicago.

There are three men in Chicago who make a fairly good living by marketing ideas. That is their business. Suppose a man opens a new restaurant, the "idea" man goes into the place and says, "Why not put up a sign that you'll give a dish of ice cream free to every red-headed man? It would cause talk."

If the restauranteur adopts the suggestion the "idea" man expects to be paid for it.

He writes poetry for soaps and patent medicines and submits it to the proprietors. If they like it he names his price. At the big retail stores he drops in and confides new and startling schemes for advertising. He goes to the theatrical manager and says, "Here, wouldn't this be a good catch line?"

Day by day he pokes into other people's business and is well paid for it, because, after all, there is nothing more valuable than ideas of the right kind.—*Chicago Record.*

No Mistake About It.

Miss Rosebud—This is my first season, and mamma says I may get married if I want to. Miss Oldun—She'll say more than that after this year.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, extracts or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FLORENCE MARIE—Your writing baffles me completely.

BLOOMER—That is my guess at your signature. Your study is too crude for delineation. I am sorry.

PENNYWOO—This is a clever and charming person, thoroughly amiable, with good family and excellent discretion, amounting to caution. Writer is hopeful, refined, delicate, independent and incapable of desert.

ERAS—Your writing shows a bright perception, discreet manners, clever and energetic mind, reasonable perspicacity, honest and truthful nature, careful and conscientious endeavor, lack of management and some self-will.

YOUNG, Q. U. B.—Thanks for your kind wishes. Your writing shows generosity, amiability, excellent sequence of ideas, firm purpose, no special self-assertion, a kindly and hopeful nature, incapable of meanness, fond of beauty, tactful and sympathetic, reasonably intelligent and a free and breezy person generally.

CARL—Certainly, and you'll get a good one, too! You are an energy, life and go; fond of fun, ambitious, and ready for any enterprise; good-tempered, apprehensive, adaptable and generous. You are, withal, practical, and though apt to idealize, not by any means scatter-brained.

BROTHER SANDY—1. Right you are, my boy! Your sentence took my breath away, it was so long; but I quite agree with you about the cosy rooms and the welcome. You are a little long-winded, you know, and apt to stick to your point in spite of the most alluring divergences all about you. Your writing shows a clever, logical and persistent mind, a little disposed to crankiness, perhaps in belief or convictions. You are devoid of tact, fond of argument, self-assertive, slow in perception, deliberate in expression, conscientious in action, very original in method, if not always wise. It is a peculiar hand, but then you are something unique yourself. If you aren't an old bachelor, look out! You are the making of a fine one! By the way, why shouldn't a young man go into a cosy billiard-room? It is a crime, Sandy?

AN ARREST

IN LIFE'S JOURNEY**Had Taken the Wrong Road****ENDURED MANY TRIALS AND SUFFERINGS.****Heard of the Glad News of Paine's Celery Compound.****Mr. Church Says: "It Snatched Me From the Grave."****The Cured Man's Honest Testimony.****He Urges All Sufferers to Use the Medicine that Gave Him New Life.**

An important arrest in life's journey! A man saved who had traveled far on the road that leads to the silent, dark grave! His trials and sufferings were heavy and severe: he had made many efforts to rid himself of the shackles and chains that bound him, but for long months his endeavors were futile.

While on the great highway of disease and suffering Mr. John A. Church of Coldbrook, N.S., heard the glad news of victories won over disease by Paine's Celery Compound; his heart bounded with joy and fresh hope and he lost no time in testing the virtues of nature's great healer.

The first bottle produced a mighty change, and warranted Mr. Church in continuing with the medicine. After using nine bottles of the great Compound, a thorough cure was effected and a new lease of life was obtained.

Before hearing of Paine's Celery Compound Mr. Church was literally robbed of his money as he bought medicines of all kinds that proved useless and worthless. His experience is of great value to every sick and suffering man and woman in Canada. He writes thus:

"It is with pleasure that I give testimony in favor of your Paine's Celery Compound. In the spring of 1892, I had an attack of La Grippe which put me into such a condition that I could not sleep or eat. I was completely rundown, had extreme nervous prostration, and lay for days in a half stupified state.

"After spending all my money for medicine which did little good, I gave up to die, when one day a paper on Paine's Celery Compound was brought to me. I at once procured the medicine and derived great relief from the first bottle. I slept better, ate better, and digestion improved. After using nine bottles I feel like a new man. I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound snatched me from the grave and gave me a new lease of life.

"I earnestly urge all sufferers to use Paine's Celery Compound, feeling sure it will cure them. Do not spend your money for medicines that cannot cure you."

DRESSMAKERS DIFFER

About fashions in dresses, but everyone agrees that the best foundation for any costume is the

"HEALTH BRAND,"

Black tights, which allow the figure to be shewn to perfection and do away with overstockings, bloomers, and unnecessary skirts.

All ladies in Montreal wore them last fall and winter, and during the coming season nothing else will be considered, they were such a success.

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**Do the Fairies Help to Make****Baby's Own... Soap?****It's so Nice!**

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manfr's, Montreal

A Hair-Breadth Escape.

In his recently published Memoirs, General Marbot, who took part in nearly every one of Napoleon's campaigns, describes a terrible plight in which he once found himself, and relates how he managed to extricate himself by an almost incredible display of moral and physical energy. He was charging the Austrians at the head of numerous squadrons when his horse was killed under him and fell, dragging him down in its fall. All our cavalry passed over him without touching him, which is not surprising, as a horse, unless wounded or tired out, generally avoids treading on human bodies. He began to think he was safe, when he perceived our regiments returning at full gallop, pursued in their return by the full strength of a division of Ulans. General Marbot saw clearly that if he did not contrive to keep pace, on foot, with our horsemen, he would be cut down without mercy. The thought of certain death increased his strength a hundredfold. He held up his hands, which were grasped by two cuirassiers, who, dragging him along by giant strides between their horses, conveyed him at length to a place of safety.—*La Chronique.*

A Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

CITY EDITOR—Represent yourself as a nobleman. The *Daily Sheet* will announce your arrival in America, and you are to write ten columns about your reception and proposals of marriage you receive. Reporter—How much money will you advance for expenses? City Editor—Why, none, you idiot! Didn't I say you were to be a nobleman?

Bicyclists of Both Sexes

And of all shades of opinion should remember that every addition to the wheel increases the risk of accidents, both to the rider thereof (not to mention the wheel) and to all with whom he or she may come in contact (so to speak). Lady bicyclists are insured at the same rates as their sweethearts and brothers against accidents of all kinds in the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company, cor. Yonge and Coborne streets, Toronto.

"Pawat," asked Mr. Hooghiligan, "is the man who you said?" "Mickey Dolan knocked me down with a half brick," responded the son. "Yes, he disgraced th' family. It is the foorst toime that a Hooghiligan was ever knocked down wid less than a whole wan."

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the *Troy Budget* contains this item:

An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its passengers, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

"Our cash register here is the latest improvement," said the dapper clerk at the neck-tie counter; "we do not keep you waiting a moment for your change, as the money is shot

The same as supplied to the Imperial Household. Bottled in Oporto at the Vineyards by Messrs. Warre & Co. Sold (in bottles only) by all first-class wine merchants.

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H. CORBY, Belleville

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS.

VOL. VII] TORONTO, OCT. 13, 1894. [No. 47]

The Drama.

IT is not often that we have a chance of seeing a new opera calculated to create a sensation all over America, produced here under the anxious eyes of its creators, before it has emerged from its period of experiment. But on Monday evening a large audience had the pleasure of being asked to critically taste a new thing, and to form judgment upon it without assistance. Rob Roy was first presented in Detroit last week and then came here. In the hallway, Manager Fred C. Whitney walked up and down in agitation, his glance now turned towards the box office and the outer doors, through which the public still straggled, and again towards the pit and stage, where the people sat in judgment and the Experiment stood forth for trial. Behind the scenes the composer, Mr. Reginald De Koven, followed every note of the singers, and in the pit just behind the orchestra Mr. Harry B. Smith, the librettist, hung upon every word. And in the main, manager, composer and librettist must have been highly gratified. On opening night the performance was not brought to a close until 11.30, making it at least half an hour too long. Half of this overtime was due to unavoidable delays in handling the new scenery between acts, but the opera itself is a quarter of an hour over-long.

Rob Roy is the best staged comic opera we have seen. It is hard to believe that prettier effects in costuming could be devised. The members of the various Highland clans are dressed in their kilts and tartans, and the English soldiers are richly attired in scarlet coats and white leg wear. Wherever possible the clansmen and soldiers are shapely young ladies, who look well and sing well. The curtain rises upon one of the finest scenes ever set upon the Grand Opera House stage. In the foreground is a square of the old Scottish town of Perth, while away back the houses recede one after another, giving a splendid idea of distance, until the open country and hills fade from view. This scene and the one that follows are works of art. The second thus referred to represents Rob Roy's mountain retreat. An old mill stands in one corner of the stage, a bridge occupies the middle-distance, while behind stretches a hazy range of mountains. The handling of the lights is capital in this scene, save for the detail that as the Prince and clansmen cross the bridge they cast exaggerated shadows across the horizon. This will no doubt be remedied. The scene in the third act is less pretentious, showing Sterling Castle, before which the closing events of the opera transpire.

The Rob Roy of the opera being a practically unheard of son of the famous raider, constant explanation of this fact is made necessary. Now the immortal Rob died in 1730, and must have been in manhood at the time of the previous Stuart uprising of 1715, and he might easily have been woven into a story of that most fruitless undertaking of the young Pretender's father. However, that rebellion probably does not present such good material for treatment as the final discomfiture of the Stuart cause. Although the opera does not pretend to be reliably historical, yet one of its chief interests is found in the fact that it squints at history and recalls one of its most romantic chapters to the public mind.

I had the pleasure last Saturday of interviewing the Misses Webbing, that clever trio of sisters who have just arrived in Toronto from London, to spend the winter season in Ontario under the management of the Canadian Entertainment Bureau. They are charming young ladies, in fact their extreme youth, in consideration of their established reputation, surprises me. Miss Lucy, the youngest, traveled all over the United Kingdom playing Little Lord Fauntleroy, appearing in the role over five hundred times in the best theaters of the largest cities. She was regarded as the ideal Fauntleroy. The entertainment furnished by the Misses Webbing is different from ordinary elocution. They imparted to me, as perhaps the secret of the success they have achieved, the fact that they believe in costuming and comedietta that engage all three at once, rather than individual performances in ordinary dress. For instance, they have had specially written for them An April Jest, a small comedy, timed to the last century. In this they are costumed as our ancestors were. They have another specialty prepared for Canada, in which Miss Peggy represents England, Miss Rosalind, Ireland, and Miss Lucy, Scotland. In this, too, they are appropriately costumed, while Miss Lucy dances the Scotch sword dance and Miss Rosalind a rollicking Irish jig. In another they dance the stately minuet. The Misses Webbing expressed themselves as greatly pleased with Canada. They left on Monday to fill engagements in Napanee and Gananoque.

Messrs. DeKoven and Smith are best known by their splendid opera, Robin Hood. It is claimed that Rob Roy is superior to the other. Before repudiating their claim we must remember that we did not see Robin Hood until it had passed through the experimental stage and had been trimmed and polished. By the time Rob Roy reaches New York it will run much smoother than now, and the climaxes in the second and third acts will no doubt be strengthened. To make the freedom of Prince Charlie at the last moment dependent upon the generosity of Capt. Sheridan, who seems master of the situation, casts a reflection upon the prowess of Rob Roy and Lochiel and the Prince himself which is not pleasant. Moreover, Capt. Sheridan, after having been so badly deceived as to have arrested the unspeakable town crier, supposing him to be the Prince, is scarcely palatable as the real hero in the final moment. A Scot is apt also to comment unfavorably upon the character given to the chief of the Camerons, and to say that it was scarcely his style to lurk inactive from Culloden or any other field where heads could be broken. I never before knew Lochiel to do so much talking and so little fighting. Of course Messrs. DeKoven and Smith do not pretend to follow the hard and fast facts of history, but in preserving Lochiel unscathed from the disaster of Culloden, they might have given to him and Rob Roy (this is Rob Roy the younger) the honor of guarding with their swords the escape of Prince Charlie to France.

In Rob Roy we miss anything in the way of solo to compare with the anvil song, O Promise Me and It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man, which made Robin Hood famous. But it has some very taking duets and rousing choruses.

Messrs. DeKoven and Smith were each called upon at the end of the first act, the former merely bowing his acknowledgments and the latter speaking a few words. He was particular to point out that the Rob Roy of the opera was not the famous Rob Roy of history and romance, that worthy having died in 1730, but his son Rob, who may be presumed to have shared in the last Stuart uprising of 1745. The central figure in the opening events of the opera is the Mayor of Perth, one Dugald MacWheele, who is kept busy straddling the fence between the Stuart and Hanoverian factions. He has a Scotch accent ready for Rob Roy and an English one for Capt. Sheridan. Richard Carroll as the Mayor is very humorous. A finer spectacle, however, is Sandy Mac Sherry, the town crier, a daft Scotch body, who claims relationship with the Stuarts, his mother being a cousin "sixteen times removed" to somebody else. This valentine

trotts in on his lean and bent shanks, ringing a bell, and sings:

Sandy—Item the first—Ding dong! ding dong!
I've very much pleased to tell ye noo,
That Dame McLocky, the gude said soul,
Has lost her favorite speckled coo.
All—Hoot, awa, mon! Diana ye know
Ye taunt that full a week ago?
Sandy—Item the second—The Widow MacFines
Has found on her doostrap a pair o' twins,
She offers the same free o' charge for adoption,
Either or baith, at the party's option.
All—Ding-dong-dong! Ding-dong-dong!
A beautiful pair o' twins for a song.
Sandy—Item the third—Ding dong! Ding dong!
One Jamie McBride from gaol has fled,
And all gude citizens noo are called
To arrest said Jamie, alive or dead.
All—Hoot, awa, mon! Diana ye know
He was caught and hanged full a week ago!

The part of the town crier is sung by Joseph Herbert and he greatly assists the Mayor of Perth and the latter's henchman, Tammas MacSorrio (Harry Parker) in furnishing the fun of the piece. His is a figure and his a face to dream over. MacWheele does some rapid changing in costume and dialect just after Culloden, when it is not known which side won. In Highland garb he and his followers sing this to a very attractive air:

My hair is in the Highlands—O,
My heart is in nae here,
Though in this dress
I must confess
I feel extremely queer.
I'm up in Gaelic dialect;
The pipes I'll learn to play;
But, oh, my knees
Will surely freeze
If there's a frost to-day.
Still I'm a Highlandman,
A tartan-plaided Highlandman,
Though not built
To wear a kilt;
Still I'm a Highlandman.

Baron Berthold is well known in Toronto as a first-class opera tenor and as the Prince he sings splendidly, as does William Prudette, baritone, in the role of Rob Roy. Juliet Cordon as Janet, the daughter of MacWheele, and Lizzie MacNichol as Flora MacDonald, whom history tells us followed the Pretender's fortunes to the last extremity. At the close of the second act the Pretender, disguised as a dumb servant to Rob Roy, is seized upon by the English, and the clansmen are about to fight for his release, when Flora MacDonald, dressed in male attire, comes forward and confesses herself the Prince and is marched off to Sterling Castle. The Prince and Lochiel effect her release. She is recaptured later and is about to be shot, when the Prince rushes in and gives himself up in her stead. Just then Rob Roy, who has been puttering around disguised as a heavy-witted Highland farmer, thunders in, stripped for war, and waving his claymore declares that MacGregor's blood shall flow before that of Stuart. As indicated above, the English officer magnanimously releases the Prince and Flora MacDonald, giving them an hour to start for France. The opera is staged with a careful eye to details, the clansmen carrying shields of "brazen studs and tough bull hide," as described by Scott, but if they are armed with proper claymores, the famous Scotch sword of the last century was a lighter weapon than is popularly supposed.

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or anger are not softening, but there are young people among us who, if they could once be made to shed tears of emotion, would be half-redeemed in that moment.

MACK.

The Adventures of Bob Moon.

No. 8.—As told by Bob himself.

After Nude Snell rode away I found I had a result of our belligerent negotiations I had become sole proprietor of Uncle Zebe's Outfit, as the miners called it. But I viewed the prospect with great anxiety. In the first place, I was uneasy on poor old Zebe's account. Snell had no occupation now, and was not in possession of the usual supply of money to support his mania for gambling at the Springs; so I feared he might devote his time to hunting down my benefactor, and might make the old fellow either yield up all his money or his life, or, perhaps, both. In the second place, I felt that I would have a score to settle with Nude before long.

These were not pleasant anticipations, and the conversation of the miners who dropped in and gossiped about the affair did not have a comforting tendency. Snell had been an impation upon Uncle Zebe, they said, having brought no capital with him when he forced a partnership with the old man, and having done little or no work since he seized an interest in the Outfit. Besides, stories had followed him across the mountains to the effect that his hand was deeply stained in innocent blood. The miners talked these things over, and unanimously expressed the opinion that there would be excitement "in this valley" before long. Inspired by some prophetic instinct, two of them who loved excitement made up their minds to stop and see it out.

However, things were very quiet. For a few days I worked away with the vigor of one who has taken a new start in life. I cooked meals, and sold rum and tobacco, and tended the miners' mules, and tried to courteously listen to their yarns from the camps, but never one moment was Nude Snell's murderous-looking image absent from my imagination. I had visions of all sorts of treacherous descents upon the Outfit, for I had had experience of both Mexicans and Indians and could picture in my mind what a revengeful, cowardly cross the two would make. Nude Snell, as the embodiment of everything vile, was the bane of my thoughts by day, but by night in my dreams our enmity took the more active form of open hostilities, from which I frequently awoke in great extremities with my heart beating like a muffled drum. I spent the whole twenty-four hours in imaginary plans or nocturnal struggles with the enemy. It was a great strain upon my nerves.

It was two weeks before I heard direct from either Uncle Zebe or Nude Snell. Late one night Del Porter, a miner, rode in from Barry's Cave, eight miles down, and told me I must go there instantly. An old miner had been knocked on the head and robbed, and had expressed a dying wish to see me. I knew it was Uncle Zebe. The miners all jumped up from the sleeping-room and came out and joined in the conversation, and it was the general opinion that I would be safer from Snell if I went to Barry's by night, so I got one of them to undertake to do the work and rode off with Porter.

I found my old friend in a dying condition. Nude had done it, and had taken all his money and my note.

"He's done it," said Uncle Zebe. "I tol ye he'd kill me yet. I alius knewed it. I haven't got no time to live."

The old man talked with much effort, and at times settled into the same stupor from which he had been roused by my coming. I could plainly see that his estimate of his time for this world was correct. The little, withered, bent form appeared to be dead, but after a time his bloodshot eyes, now fast paling, half opened, and he proceeded:

"I ha'nt got no 'lations, Bob. 'Linda (his wife I suppose) was the last. 'Linda alius prayed fur a good claim fur me, an' when she went away she 'lowed 'as my parding was bought with blood. She'd prospected day an' night, she said, and foun' parding fur me an' her."

Again he relapsed into sleeping silence for a time, and I thought he was gone to his "claim." I raised his light form up in my arms and placed my ear to his chest. There was still a faint heave, and the lifting-up appeared to have revived him to some extent. Again he spoke:

"I ha'nt got the outfit since the war. When I made it I hid away the gold I had brought from the diggin's. It's under the brush hid in the fur corner. It's all yours. Thar's a' fur two, but take it all." He closed his eyes a moment only and then said, "Ole Zebe's done me 'har'. I'm goin' away—fast."

The little frame was convulsed for a moment, at the end of which time it appeared to swell as if with a sigh, and then it became apparent that he had entered upon 'Linda's' "claim," which had been "bought with blood."

We wrapped the little man's remains in a blanket and buried it in a mound near Barry's, after which I returned to the Outfit and found word had come from the Springs to the effect that Nude Snell was over there gambling. My blood boiled with indignation to think that the cut-throat had murdered and robbed a harmless, defenceless old miner whom he had wronged for years, and was coolly gaming with the plunder.

I asked a miner to carry a message to Nude from me. He consented and I sent a short one, merely asking him to ride over and meet me unarmed and to do so at once. He came next day with the messenger.

I shall cut this part of my story short. He listened to my recital of the wrongs he had inflicted upon Uncle Zebe and did not deny having murdered him. Nor was he a particle abashed, as one might suppose the most hardened monster would have been. He merely asked in an impatient way:

"What yer want o' me?"

I cut my words short and made the proposal

I had in my mind. There was a mountain directly in front of the Outfit, around which there was a trail, all but for a short distance on the other side, where there was a thicket. I challenged him to take whatever firearms he chose and go around the mountain one way whilst I went the other. My note for the four hundred dollars was to be left with the miner, and whichever of us arrived back from the trip around the mountain was to have both the note and Outfit. Thus my score and Uncle Zebe's would both be settled with Nude Snell.

It was a class of duel requiring nerve, but Nude accepted in his sulky way. We each took two pistols and set out. I walked until I passed out of sight of the referees, and ran as if for my life as far as my trail went. It was in the thicket that I began to form an idea of the hazardous, mad undertaking I had in hand. I sneaked along, listening at every inch. I sought protected places. I tried to scheme out plans to thwart the probable tactics of the greaser. The further I went the more perilous my position became. I at last took a revolver in each hand and crawled like a snake. It must have taken hours to make my way through a thicket of about a furlong's distance.

When I struck Nude's trail—that is, the path on his side of the thicket—I had greater fears than ever. All he would have to do was to secrete himself near the path and await my coming. I felt that he had adopted this plan. Cautionily, slowly, silently, watchfully, I moved forward, trying to keep one eye on each side of the trail.

At last I ran. But the thought struck me that perhaps Snell might have stopped near the commencement of his trail and was waiting for me. I again halted and stole along. At last the opening became plainly visible and I made another run for it.

The anxious miners shook me eagerly by the hand, assuming that I had managed to get the drop on Nude.

He was never seen in those parts again. What he did along the trail I know not. I judged from my own experience that possibly his courage had failed, and he had bolted.

For a year or two no traveler ever approached the Outfit but I hurried to see if it was Snell, but in time the fear of his coming passed gradually from my mind.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TO few men, not statesmen or soldiers, is it given to enjoy so wide a regard by their fellows in life and so deep a regret in their death as have fallen, not to the lot, but to the achievement of Oliver Wendell Holmes, professor of anatomy, man of letters and poet. He is the last of a class of world-wide men produced in New England, the "Last Leaf," to almost quote himself, on the bough of New England literature, from which have previously dropped Thoreau, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Whitman, Lowell and Curtis. While several generations of medical men have passed through his hands, which were so highly skilled in the mysteries of the human frame, his hold on the affections of thousands who are pained at the news of his death rests on his keen insight into human nature, his knowledge of the human heart, its emotions and sympathies, and his wonderful skill in playing upon the same through the medium of song, fancy and story. It is hardly likely that O. W. Holmes ever seriously set himself out to be poet or writer, yet his works have made him famous wherever the English language is spoken. His poems were the outcome of occasions, and while satisfying the mood of the producer gave real joy to the reader. This is the true principle of being. His *Atlantic Monthly* essays were begun with a scant recognition by him of their worth, yet men are laughing with him yet and receiving the stimulus of his keen mind, while he will continue to reign on many a library table as the Autocrat of Genial Literature, the Professor of the art of pure and perfect humor and the Poet of a wide range of temperaments. Holmes undoubtedly touched his highest mark in the Chamberlain Nautilus. What could be higher in sentiment than:

Build the more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.

And coul' anything be more cute and ridiculous than his estimate of the humor of the "Last Leaf"?

And coul' anything be more curious than his estimate of the humor of the "Last Leaf"?

And coul' anything be more curious than his estimate of the humor of the "Last Leaf"?

And coul' anything be more curious than his estimate of the humor of the "Last Leaf"?

Between You and Me.

THE other night I went to a semi-formal re-union at the Woman's Medical College, for if there is one thing I admire, in theory, more than another it is the Lady Meds., as she is called by her fellow students. Therefore, when the Lady Meds. invite the Men Meds. and the ignorant world of subjects and cases to come and be merry, I always try to accept and be on hand. I like Lady Meds., when I am well and in good humor, and theoretically I think they should be encouraged, but when it comes to having one's constitution and by-laws over-turned, and one's person carved, and one's anatomy generally set in order, I am afraid I'd die if I thought there wasn't a man doctor ready to be called upon. This is irrational and wicked of me, but I even up to the Lady Meds., by recommending every other woman and child to call for them in time of need. I heard a woman talking about the objections men made to Lady Meds. on the score of modesty and propriety. Of course these were ignorant, unprofessional men, for science does not stoop to be prudish, and for love of their work women are lifted above sort and sex. But the woman said that even the doctors objected to women as medics, though they never seemed to think that the same objections might be urged against them as nurses. And said I to the woman, "Do nurses interfere in a financial way with the doctors?" And the woman considered and answered, "Perhaps that's it." And her answer was a little incoherent, and I have no doubt she was a foolish body whose opinion was not in the least worth regarding, you know!

There is one little protest I should like to make before the Lady Meds. ask me to spend an evening with them again. I believe, by the way, that a distinguished guest made it on the occasion of last year's reunion. It is against the display of certain curios and no doubt, to Lady Meds., interesting objects, which are calculated to upset the nerves and haunt the dreams of ignorant outsiders as sensitive as you and I. I shall not in several days overcome the feeling of disgust which made me hurry away from a certain cosy corner where I was settled for a chat with a kindred soul, and though I can quite understand my impulse being considered a callow and foolish one by Lady Meds., I can only join with the sweet-voiced visitor above mentioned, who said: "I think they might draw a curtain before those things."

Whether the co-education of embryo doctors is a success or not was the subject of some very delightful remarks by an old Trinity College boy, Dr. Osler, now of Johns Hopkins University and Physician-in-Chief of Johns Hopkins Hospital, who thus spoke of his university and its work: "When I tell you," says Dr. Osler, "that thirty-three and one-third per cent. of the ladies—students—admitted to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, at the end of one short session are to be married, then I tell you that co-education is a failure. If thirty-three and one-third per cent. fall victims at the end of one session, what will happen at the end of the fourth?" We know that a match is often the result of the mutual admiration of each other's skill and patience evoked during the attendance at some bed of sickness by a young nurse and doctor, and that the proverb that two of a trade seldom agree has its necessary exception in this instance, but down beyond the lines it seems that before the doctor gains a patient or the nurse a case, they have agreed that life is sweeter when lived together, and I can only hope all our students who succumb to the same conviction will take comfort from the Doctor's assurance that others are there before them. I wonder was he really serious, or was his plaint only a subtly veiled advertisement of the most enticing charm of his *Alma Mater*?

It is a good thing to know a little about nursing, for instance how to make a mustard plaster for a fellow-being in dire distress. Once I remember being badly in need of a counter irritant of this description, and after an hour of agony, which made me think of cholera as more than a scare, I wildly haled my drowsy lord and master and commanded him to arise and make ready a mustard plaster. I carefully located the mustard, the bowl and the spoon for him, and he started downstairs in the dark, saving time by not lighting the gas. I heard a dull thud, a swear word and an irate demand, "Who left that thing in the way?" Then some shuffling and groping, another scabble, a flare of light and the cheerful assurance, "All right, I've got it;" then darkness and a vision at my bedside with a can of baking powder! We had quite a hot argument to prove it wasn't mustard, then Mr. Gay descended once more with an injured air and a much worse injured pet corn. How he came up without the bowl and spoon, and then, having descended for the third time and regained his first altitude, he did proceed to mix mustard with too much water, and so energetically that he spattered his immaculately white costume and even got some lumps of greenery-yaller into his whiskers, and then how he turned the whole canful into the bowl till the air was yellow with dry dust, and how he grunted and shivered, and how I rolled about and howled for haste and mustard or death, would take too long to tell. Of course experience teaches, and I have no doubt were I to be in like straits again Mr. Gay could get up a counter irritant without half an hour's delay, for which, indeed, I quite forgive him, for I've had many a good laugh over his first essay.

Did you hear the story of the fat old lady and the car conductor? This is her account of it: "I've been trying to get off this car every time it stops, and just when I have climbed half-way out, backwards, that man comes behind me and says, 'All aboard, now,' and boasts me in again. Could you keep him off till I get down to the ground?" She succeeded at last.

LADY GAY.

Mother—My goodness! You might as well wear tights as that rig. You certainly don't intend to go bathing in it. Daughter—Bathing! Horrors, no! This isn't for bathing. It's only for bicycling.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The Story of Idaho's Greatest Mine.

By ROBERT MACBRYE.

I.—KALONA CITY.

South of our own Kootenay country, in British Columbia, is situated the great state of Idaho, greater in mineral resource probably than the other great mining states which everywhere belt her in, nay, which on her north-eastern frontier seem to crush, as if in very jealousy of the vastness of her hidden treasure, her rocky side. It is apt to be thought a lonely and even melancholy land, for few pleasant sunlit valleys lie at the feet of her majestic mountains, clad at their summits with coldly gleaming snow and ice, while further below the ever-green, ever-sombre pine and cedar stretch clear down to the creeks and torrents at the bottom, their waters sweeping wildly, sullenly down and down to the nearest lake or large river. Now and again the sun strives to expel the shadows, to get some answer from the murmur of the pines, to put some warmth into those cold sentinel peaks of ice, but in vain. Here and there a lake, detached from these eternal glooms, shows up a welcome brightness against the all-surrounding snows.

But it is a land—no better in the world—for brave and determined men; because life at best is hard; the miner or prospector's "pack" is heavy, though his heart rarely is; the snows seldom disappear for long from these aerial heights, making the season short and work difficult; the "silver-tip" (a kind of grizzly) is never far away, may, indeed, have to be met and fought and killed, or otherwise the issue, any moment, as destiny decrees. There are not many women in that country, and such as they are they possess histories into which no enquiry had best be made; but he who has lived in and felt the humanism—I know no better word—of a mining community, and knows something of the inwardness of its life, will never lift a hand to cast a stone at even the worst one of them all. There are strange but true and pathetic, even heart-breaking stories told of what these outcasts have accomplished by their unselfish devotion and courage.

Understand, the life of Northern Idaho—is it there that the famous mine known as The Widow's Mite is to be found—is altogether Homeric, heroic, epic (though the people know it not and would be amazingly surprised if told so), but it is filled with sterner truth than Greek or Trojan ever knew; the Helen of Desire striven for is all gold or silver or no meaner prize; the vein may be as treacherous as a very woman and be followed as faithfully to bitter end. But the strain and the struggle and the eternal out-reach of man go on! Master he is, predestinate, of all the riches waiting here for him in the cold but not unkindly grip of nature, waiting for him these many, many thousands years to take and to hold!

Somewhere in the Cœur d'Alene—I do not wish to be exact, for some of the actors in this story are alive now—but somewhere in the Cœur d'Alene, Kalona City stands at the foot of the range on a fairly wide spit of land which has been formed in the course of ages by the silica and silt and dirt washed down from the mountains by Kalona Creek. The "city" is very much like any other mining "camp." It has one graded street, where most of the stores and saloons are to be seen; around, beyond, below it are huts and tents and shanties, straggling in every direction, filled to overflow with all the mingled elements which go to make up this kind of life; the variety theater with its industrious, money-loving souretries; the faro bank, where the rich speculator stands shoulder to shoulder with the miner or prospector his employer; the keno dive, the fakir gambling game of the West; the bagnio, there by the dozens; the poker-rooms and so forth; every known device being used with wonderful skill to rake in the dollar. But I do not know any city in the world that has such beautiful surroundings as this same Kalona City. I have stood in the street and looked up at the gigantic masses towering above me in all their varying play of light and shade, their eternal silences only broken by the impudent babble of Kalona Creek near by; then turned and gazed across the lake to the vast ranges, apparently, as seen in the distance, thrown together with a consummate scorn as if by some Titanic hand; then at the lake itself in its multitudinous mood twixt storm and repose, all forming a memorable experience of delight and awe.

Three well known characters of Kalona were "liquoring up" at the gaudy bar of the Star of Idaho one morning in the spring, the names of whom were: Greg Hess, Ole Pete and Drunken Jim, the last our central figure, not that of a hero exactly, but of a man, at all events, who came being near one, as the sequel will show. Greg was big, good-natured, open-hearted, the genuine type of prospector. Ole Pete, who never remembered being Young Pete, or Middle Aged Pete, but always Ole Pete, was a bowed, broken-down looking man, but no one in the camp had keener scent or surer eye than he for a "claim." Drunken Jim's appearance was decidedly against him, let me say at once; his whole air conveyed a subtle impression of dissipation, loafing and dissatisfaction. What his past had been and where he had come from, no one knew or cared in Kalona. He was taken, as everyone else was in that community, just as he was. Kalona was essentially without frills. Well, there Jim stood that morning. He had been drinking pretty freely with his "pardners" and looked his worst. But for his tenderness for whisky he would have been a handsome man, not old-aged, but drink-aged more even than middle aged. These three men had been working together for some time, and had just returned empty-handed from a dangerous prospecting trip in the Kootenay. No prospect of any value had been "struck," no claim had been taken up. They had reached Kalona City that morning, "dead broke," but the open handed generosity of a more lucky prospector whom they met, and who happened to have an early and urgent thirst upon him, had given them the "price" over and over again.

"You'll strike her rich enuf some day, boys,"

he said, "then maybe you kin do some fur me."

But the three boys themselves felt "kin o' dull," as Greg said, "and tuckered out." They had been grub-staked and had come back with nothing to show for it. Each was wondering if there was much chance of getting another grub-stake soon, perhaps from the same man who had fitted them out two or three months before. They kept on drinking as long as the money they had been given lasted, and, after a final cigar, stoned by the "house," wandered listlessly out into the street, Jim remarking as he went, "Guess I'll go and see Susan."

"If yer don't mind, we'll call a little later and see yer old woman," said Greg. "Dern me if I don't anyway," he continued.

Ole Pete nodded vigorously several times to show he too would come. Then the comrades separated.

II.—"JIM'S SUSAN."

It was "Jim's Susan," as she was universally known in Kalona City, who formed in some sort the bond between the three prospectors. Greg and Ole Pete had come to like and trust her. "She's been derned good to me," said Greg. "That fever would ha' killed me sure but for her." Ole Pete, in his quietier fashion, used to say of her, "She's square, dern me, if she ain't." And this was the sentiment of Kalona City, which had a certain respect for "Jim's Susan," a sentiment, however, which had been more than once tried by some bad breaks on the part of Susan, who after all was only a somewhat superior member of her class. In her own way there was as little of the heroic about her as about Jim. She had been hardened and knocked out of her full womanhood by the life they had led together for eight years or more, but at heart she was a woman still, nor yet lacking in some faint far-off suggestion of having been fair once, and perhaps even lovely. The relations between the pair were not those of modern society: there was no attempt at keeping up appearances or anything of the sort. They were "pardners," and while Jim in his drunken fits would curse and even strike her, she had been faithful to him, and he knew it. Now he was coming home to her; he had been drinking hard that morning and he had no good news for her. He felt "mean," as he expressed it to himself, and this rather made him hard and stern than soft and yielding.

"Hello! Sue," he cried, as he entered the shanty that belonged to him. In a spasm of luck he had bought this shanty and the lot it stood on, and not even in his most drunken fits would he part with it. "Tis a kind o' home," he said; "taint much ter look at, but tis a home."

They both shook their heads.

"Well, tis just this: Susan is going to be the mother of my child, and when she told me it came so sudden that I was knocked clean out. But I never did a real mean thing in my life if I knew it, and I said to myself, 'I'll stay by her,' and as it is this drifing which has been the worst about me and kept me from going ahead, well, I'll quit it if I have to fight all the devils in hell. That's all, boys."

Both men were silent, but they seemed as it were to press in closer on Jim as they walked one on each side of him, mutely showing him their sympathy.

Then, after a time, Greg said in his simple, manly fashion:

"Derned if I ain't glad. Sue was mighty good ter me when I had that cussed fever."

Ole Pete said softly to himself:

"God, he'll hav to keep it or—I'll kill him."

There were many comments in the bars and saloons usually frequented in Kalona on the absence of Drunken Jim; many a question asked. Late that night Greg and Ole Pete appeared at the Golden Star, where they lived, and in answer to enquiries about Jim said: "O, Jim's quit." What! Jim quit! What would happen next?

Among the crowd at the Star was the man who had sent them out before, who had grub-staked them. He silently beckoned Greg to go outside the hotel.

"What's this you say?" he asked.

"Jim's quit," said Greg.

"Quit for good? Kin him quit for good?"

"Yes, he kin, and he will; we've all quit and would like nothin' better than to go out for you agen. This time we'll hav luck, sure. I feel it comin', I know it," said Greg.

"Tell ye what, I'll make a bargain with ye. If you'll stay in town for two days and Jim don't make no break, I'll set you up again; dern me—Jim's quit! Dern me, Greg, what done it!"

"Well, taint my business," said Greg, "but I guess it's a go; Jim's quit."

The next two days Jim suffered, but he had been told that they would be grub-staked again; and Greg or Ole Pete kept near him. Meanwhile the preparations for their prospecting trip were going on, and on the third day all was in readiness. Everything was ready for the start. Greg and Ole Pete came around to Jim's shanty, and helping Jim's heavy pack on to his shoulders said good-bye to Susan with a new and indescribable manner, which found expression in Greg saying to her:

"Jim's quit."

"Yes, for good," added Ole Pete.

They then gave her a little package into her hand and went on their way, leaving Kalona but hardly awake, as the morning mist rose in dreamy but stately fashion away up Kalona Creek. Susan found that they had left their grub-stake money with her when she had opened the package. She stood and watched them till a sharp scarp of the mountain side suddenly hid them from view, and she went back into her shanty sighing, but happier than she had been for many a day.

"Jim cares more for the unborn child than for me," she said; "but I'll win him back again perhaps."

Months and months passed, and Susan's baby was born. They had been long and weary months of waiting, not always well borne, but the rough miners were kind after their fashion and she had got through her troubles fairly well.

Then one evening Greg, the shadow of his former self, and Ole Pete, looking as old as the centuries, made their entrance into Kalona City, and once more put up at the Golden Star.

Their appearance was so forlorn that the proprietor of the Star (I must give him that title or I know he will be offended) said:

"Back agen, boys! Glad ter see ye, though ye look out o' luck agen. Shake! Did ye do any good this time?"

"Yes, we've found the Luck," said Greg, "and it's a buster;" but his tone was sad and heavy.

"Their ain't no mine in Idaho that I know on that can compare with our find," said Ole Pete. "But we'll tell you all by and by. Give

us something to eat and drink; we've hed to do some starvin', and it ain't pleasant!"

Next morning the two men were sitting in their room and their hearts were heavy, for though they had found the Luck they had grievous news to tell poor Susan, for the discovery of the Luck had been purchased at the cost of Jim's life. Trained prospectors, they guessed enough of the value of their claim to know that it was exceedingly rich, but all the riches of the world would not bring back to life Jim, lying out there battered and broken at the foot of the precipice which still stands to day as the outward wall of the Widow's Mite, Idaho's greatest mine. They made inquiries about Susan, heard of her child being born, and that she was well. Then they hastened to her, but which was to tell the story? Not agreeing about this, they went on to the shanty, Jim's shanty, and from mere force of habit Greg knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" asked Susan, and there was a wail of a baby which made both men start like guilty beings.

"It's I, Greg," at last he said.

"Greg, Greg," she cried, running and opening the door. "Where's Jim?"

Somehow between Greg and Ole Pete they told her all. She was still weak and little able to bear much, but she held her child close to her bosom and managed to take in most of what was said. As they were leaving her they said, each in his own way, to her:

"Jim's quit," said Greg.

"Yes, fur good," said Ole Pete.

Then the papers got hold of Greg and obtained the whole story of the discovery of their wonderful "prospects." For months they had wandered among the mountains without finding a vein or sign of any promise, but Jim had kept them going on, going on. "We'll find the Luck," he kept on saying, "I know it, I know it," and with the superstition of the mining world they went along. It was in the winter when the Luck came. The three men had separated one afternoon, keeping so near each other, however, that the sound of one voice might be heard by the others, when Greg heard a rustle, then a faint cry.

"Jim," he shouted, without getting a reply.

"Ole Pete," he yelled as hard as he could, and then plunged forward in the direction of the faint cry he had heard.

He barely managed to catch his huge body from going over a precipice as he went along, and there as he looked down was the form of Jim at the bottom. As quickly as he could he managed by a round-about way to get to Jim's side, and in a moment more Ole Pete joined him. Jim's life was fast ebbing away.

"That's the Luck, boys," he said, pointing to the precipice, "it's all silver—solid, solid. I fell over it, but I saw it first. It's rich, rich," he murmured weakly, "but I'm through. Give Susan my share—poor Sue."

And shortly afterwards Jim quit for good.

III.—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

What was practically a new contract of comradeship was made that day between those men. All afternoon they were together, and Jim suffered silently. Around the saloons they met many an old tough and lounging who wondered why there were no treats going, but they walked and walked, talking but little.

"Boys," said Jim, "we'll go and get grub-staked again as soon as possible. I know we'll hav luck now, because of the news. I'll tell you what 'tis to-day, and you'll know it's the luck come at last, and we'll go and find it."

"Boys," said Greg, "at last he said.

"Greg, Greg," she cried, running and opening the door.

Somehow between Greg and Ole Pete they told her all. She was still weak and little able to bear much, but she held her child close to her bosom and managed to take in most of what was said. As they were leaving her they said, each in his own way, to her:

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Short Stories Retold.

A BUNCH OF ANECDOTES ABOUT PREACHERS.
In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Why," replied the sailor, "if this continues we shall all be in heaven before to-morrow morning." The chaplain, horrified, cried out, "The Lord forbid."

The doctrine of purgatory was once disputed between the Bishop of Waterford and Father O'Leary. It is not likely that the former was convinced by the arguments of the latter, who, however, closed it very neatly by telling the bishop, "Your lordship may go farther and fare worse."

Sixty years ago the incumbent of a church in Hull used to be called Vicar Bromby. Just after the passage of the first reform bill, in 1832, he preached a sermon in which he uttered this wholesome Socratic passage: "In these days we hear a great deal about reform. Let me give you a piece of advice: The best reform is to make one person better. I need not say who that person should be."

Not long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection. And he did it very neatly in a preface to his sermon on the following Sunday. "Brethren," he said, "our collection last Sunday was a very small one. When I look at this congregation I say to myself, 'Where are the poor?' But as I looked at the collection when we counted it I exclaimed, 'Where are the rich?'"

A dispute about precedence once arose upon a circuit between a bishop and a judge, and after some altercation the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage: "For on these two stand all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the judge in triumph, "that even in this passage we are mentioned first?" "I grant you," replied the bishop, "you hang first."

The famed Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana was renowned for his witty rejoinders. On one occasion a Baptist minister insisted that there were several places in the Bible where immersion was unquestionably referred to. "Yes," replied the bishop, "I recall two such instances, where there can be no doubt as to the mode: one is where Pharaoh and his host were immersed in the sea, and the other where the Gadarene pigs were drowned in the deep."

A certain reverend gentleman in London, having to preach a charity sermon, said nothing on the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told the congregation that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then read the text: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and added, "If you approve of your security, down with your money."

A Salvation Army preacher, in one of his talks, exclaimed to his hearers: "E'erly! Why don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I, either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlasting atop of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

Rev. Robert Hall had a very large mouth. He was as well aware of this as anyone else, and one morning at a breakfast-party at Bristol, on the occasion of family prayers, a young minister, referring to a sermon about to be delivered by the distinguished divine, prayed that the Lord would "open his mouth wider than ever." When they rose from their knees, Mr. Hall said, "Well, sir, did you pray my mouth might be opened wider? It couldn't well be done, sir, unless it was slit from ear to ear, sir."

A very vain preacher having delivered a sermon in the hearing of Rev. Robert Hall, pressed him, with a mixture of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length Mr. Hall admitted, "There was one very fine passage," "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

The distinguished school-master, Rev. Eleazar Cogan, had a profound love of noble architecture, and was very desirous that his little boy, Richard, should develop similar tastes. One day he promised to take Richard to London and give him a very great treat. Accordingly, he once took the boy by a roundabout way to St. Paul's churchyard, in order that the full grandeur of the cathedral might burst at once upon his gaze. Emerging from a narrow passage into the open space where the first view was to be had, the delighted father paused. He looked up at the cathedral and down at the boy. "Well, Richard," said he, "what do you think of it?" "It smells very nice, papa," murmured the youthful disciple, in pleased anticipation of the "great treat" promised him. For, alas! they had entered the yard in the neighborhood of a famous pastry-cook's, and the boy had seized upon that resort as the reason for his visit.

Among other instances of Dr. Isaac Barrow's wit and vivacity, the following set-to between him and the profligate Lord Rochester is related, in which the doctor certainly had the best of it: These two gentlemen meeting one day at court, while Barrow was king's chaplain in ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, accosted him with a flippant air and a low formal bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-ile." Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving on this, quickly returned it with, "Doctor, I am yours to the center;" which was as smartly followed up by Barrow with, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which Rochester, piqued at being foiled by one he called "a musty old

piece of divinity," exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell;" upon which Barrow, turning upon his heel, archly replied, "There, my lord, I leave you."

The Experience of a Stranger.

I.

He dropped one day in a parachute from the far-off heights of Mars, and swept through space in an earthward course away from the blinking stars; for days and weeks and months and years he held to his mundane way, and at last brought up with sorrowly a jerk in the middle of the U.S.A.

II.

A handy chap was this martial man, and of many trades a joker; "They do things queerly," he said, "down here, but I guess I'll catch the knock." He shouldered his kit and off he trudged, a-looking for work to do.

III.

"When I'm onto their curves," he said, "I think I'll show them a wrinkle or two." But they hooted him off from the labor marks with many a jar and job;

IV.

"You can't work here," cried the foreman stern, "you are only a tramping scab." There were no trades unions on Mars, you know, and he hadn't a member's card. So he pawned his kit and walked and walked, and mourned that his luck was hard.

V.

"I'm off to the woods and fields," said he, and he tramped over hill and lea, But a trespass notice was posted up and he rode in the Black Marie. Likewise he fished in the season close, and a game warden spied his ways, He hailed him up to a magistrate and the fisher got sixty days.

VI.

Once out of jail this man from Mars went hungry from door to door; "I've nothing for you," each man of them said, "you're one of the beggars out." But the man couldn't work and he could not live as nature would have him do; For claims were jumped, the streams were fenced, and nature disowned him too.

The Preacher's Trial.

An Interesting Chat with Rev. W. J. Chapin.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He Had Overdrawn His Health Account—How He Met the Crisis and Returned to His Duties with Renewed Health.

From the Springfield, Ill., Journal

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow-white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin, whose 72 years are crowded with noble deeds in the Christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But it is too often the case, I overestimated my physical resources, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eight years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my friends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physically and mentally. I had so lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. 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Our Weekly Original Story

Come, Pete!

Pete Smith was, or had been, a miner, but at the time at which this story opens had been for some years resident at one of the villages on the Texan frontier, in order, presumably, to enjoy the advantages of civilization, but possibly because he found from sad experience that those who were going to the mines had more money than those who came back and that there was a good deal more profit in selling mining outfit to intending explorers than in mining on his own account. Anyway, he was recognized as the leading authority on mines and mining in the town and his advice and assistance were much sought after by the many would-be millionaires, who hoped, with Pete's help, to accumulate a fortune with pan and shovel.

He was a queer, silent man; tall and lean, with dark, questioning eyes, that produced a most uncomfortable, creepy feeling when you looked into them; a face that the modern descriptive writer would term a "strong" one, though his companions respected him more for the strength of his muscles than of his features; for that attribute had been made unpleasantly apparent to not a few of them. His evenings were invariably spent in the saloon down at the corner, where he was noted for one peculiarity. Every night when the clock struck nine Pete would rise from his seat, knock the ashes out of his pipe and with a muttered "good night" leave the room. It mattered not who was there or what was going on, every night at the same hour he strode out and none cared to ask him the reason why; for his story was well known to most of them and was sure to be the first of the traditions of the place that newcomers would be regaled with.

Years ago, the old-timers would tell you, when Pete came to the settlement he brought his young wife with him, a fair, slight girl, with light brown hair and great gray eyes that had taken Pete's heart captive a few months before. Not a well assort couple, you say? Yes, they were; for she loved Pete and he fairly worshipped the ground she trod on; they were always together and never seemed as happy anywhere as in each other's company. In the evenings Pete would often light his pipe and stroll down to the tavern and join in the song and story with a cheerfulness that betokened the absence of all care, and every evening when he did so the little woman he loved, when her evening's work was done, would throw a shawl over her shoulders and follow him; punctually at nine she would put her head in at the saloon door and call, "Come, Pete," and her husband never failed to rise and follow her.

This went on for a couple of years or so, till one day it was whispered around the village that "Pete's woman" was sick, for the blinds in the store were pulled down and kind-hearted women silently shook their heads as they passed each other on the narrow path leading to Pete's house. Indoors Pete sat by his wife's side holding both her hands in his, and barely comprehending what the doctor meant when he hinted something about sending for a clergyman; then they called him aside and told him plainly that she was dying. There was no outcry and no paroxysm of grief—his eyes were dry, and yet twenty years of life seemed to have passed over him as with bowed head and faltering step he went back to his place beside the unconscious form of his darling. Suddenly she opened her eyes and saw him; raising herself with tremendous effort she drew him towards her with her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Come, Pete!"

There was a general belief in the village that Pete's wife still came for him night after night as she had done in her lifetime. Some few there were who ridiculed the notion, but their incredulity was more than counterbalanced by the testimony of others who averred that they had seen the latch of the door move before Pete touched it, and one went so far as to say that he had seen the door open of itself to permit him to pass out. Be that as it may, no one ever offered to walk home with him, nor would any one of them dare to go to his house after his return home at night. No one dared to arouse his anger by asking him about it, and he never in any way referred to the matter or gave the curious any inkling as to whether he went home alone or not. His heart knew its own bitterness, and if that angelic presence put her hand in his and nightly led him homeward along the familiar path, it was equally plain that a stranger should not intermeddle with his joy.

Years went on, and the tavern frequenters got used to Pete's ways and ceased to talk about his old, abrupt leave-taking. In fact, they scarcely noticed it, so well understood was it that every night at nine o'clock Pete would glance at the door, and ere the clock finished striking get up and go out. One day, however, the regular routine of their lives was interrupted. That afternoon Pete had been out with a party of prospectors who were looking for a location. They were walking along the base of a precipitous mountain in ignorance of the fact that some miners were preparing to set a charge near the summit, each party being hidden from the other by intervening brush. A boulder loosened by the explosion came tearing down the steep side of the mountain, and gathering speed as it came crashed through the light underbrush and struck Pete fairly in the side, knocking him senseless. Tenderly they picked him up and carried him to the tavern, where the doctor hastily summoned confirmed the worst fears of those who were not unused to such accidents, "serious internal injuries; cannot live." They made him as comfortable as they could and waited in silence for some sign of returning consciousness. As the clock struck eight he opened his eyes and seemed to be counting the strokes, and painfully shook his head when they asked him if they could get him anything. An hour passed amid silence broken only by the howling of the wind that rattled the window sashes and drove the dust in blinding clouds along the deserted road. With the first stroke of nine he opened his

eyes once more, raised his arm as if to embrace someone, and almost shouted, "I'm co—!"

A terrific gust of wind that made the building shake and quiver, drowned his voice. It burst open the frail latch of the door and extinguished the solitary oil lamp that had flickered and spluttered in the draught; and when the terrified watchers closed the door and re-lighted the lamp, they saw by the calm smile on his face that all was over.

Pete had come. And you will waste your time, dear reader, if you attempt to explain to any of those who were present that the gust of wind was due to purely natural causes, for there is not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood who does not firmly believe that Pete's wife came in storm and terror that night and took him home with her forever.

*TORONTO Oct. 8. F. W. MONTEITH.**Fin de Siecle.**A Sketch Intelligible only to those who Read New Books.*

The tide swept majestically, weirdly, slowly in upon the rocks. They stood in silent contemplation. Fierce lay the glare of the setting sun upon the desert of waters. Its glow kissed her hair and tinted it red. Or was it—But, no! Why strive to solve the mysteries of being? Let the world roll on upon its pathway of deathless life and lifeless death—grinding, driving—bah!

She shivered.

"Are you afraid?" he said.

"Afraid!" and the scorn in her voice was intense. "Afraid!" she repeated. "And must not death come at some time? Better now, before the world owes me another debt of ingratitude."

He sighed. "True."

And the tide rose slowly. It had reached their knees. He trembled.

*"Ah," she said.**"No—it is not fear. I spurn the thought.**The water is cold."*

She smiled.

"Always the Disagreeable Man."

He nodded. The tide had risen to their waists. She was smaller than he. She rested her hand on his arm.

"You promised to tell me when the waters rose. Now, tell me." Pleadingly she gazed deep into his eyes. "Tell me."

*Gloom—deep, impenetrable—settled upon his face.**"And you are ready to bear it?"**She set her teeth firmly.**"Tell me what you have done."*

"You are quite ready?" he repeated with intense agony.

"Tell me what you have done that you should thus seek death in the tide with me?" Through his drawn lips the words came: "I have written Trolleys That Pass in the Day."

For a moment she swayed as though she would fall. Her cheek paled. He put out his hand to support her.

*"No," she said. And he knew.**The tide had risen to their shoulders.**"And you?"**She shook her head.**"You must speak."**She shook her head.**"Speak! I command you!"*

And he gripped her wrist fiercely, that one could hear something crack. Was it his fingers that cracked—or her queenly wrist? Perhaps! Why solve these problems that narrow the soul into a keen sense-realization of its nothingness?

*Nothingness!—pshaw—the soul—**But we must on.**"It is well then. You shall not speak!"**"Ha! You say that. I will speak."**"You shall not!"**"I will. I wrote—"*

His hand was upon her mouth. Fiercely she struggled against the brute force of the man. Muffled sounds came from under his hand. They swayed back and forth, as in mortal combat. Then suddenly she wrenched loose from him.

"I wrote The Infernal Triplets," she shrieked.

And the tide closed in silence upon them.—*Judge.*

Nitro-Glycerine

So it could not be!

Young Professor Davidson stood before the class in chemistry, demonstrating the properties and possibilities of nitro-glycerine; but his mind was fixed on a certain other experiment which had been undertaken by him, in one of the upper alcoves of the college library, the previous evening.

There had been a brilliant college reception in the beautiful library building, and Miss Andrews had sat out one of the dances with the professor in an upper alcove overlooking the floor. There the young man, maddened by his long-cherished passion, the "tumultuous privacy" which hedged them in, Miss Andrews' accentuated loveliness in *tulle* and the rose-color of girlish excitement, but particularly by the fact that she had danced nine successive dances with her handsome class-mate, Kenfield Marsh, and was at that very moment covertly watching him with shining eyes—maddened, I say, by all these things. Professor Davidson had done what he little dreamed of doing that

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

GAS FIXTURES

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BEFORE PURCHASING

FRED ARMSTRONG
277 Queen St. West*A Sketch Intelligible only to those who Read New Books.*

evening—proposed to Mabel Andrews, the pride of the senior class.

Two minutes later, the twain were descending the little spiral staircase. Mabel's face had suddenly grown almost as white as the swan's down she carried in her hand. Professor Davidson followed her with a face as unchanged, inscrutable, imperturbable as bronze, but a heart whose fierce anguish seemed like the rending of a beast.

The girl had gone straight to Kenfield Marsh. Thus far the half-blinded eyes of the professor had followed her. Then he found himself rushing on alone through the great, peaceful starlit night.

Now he was standing once more before the class—before her, and Kenfield Marsh, and a score of other young happy faces. The subject of the lecture was nitro-glycerine. There was a jar of that substance on the table, side by side with a jar of water.

How handsome they were—she and young Kenfield Marsh! Marsh sat directly behind her in class. Now and then she turned her head just a little and smiled, and Marsh saw it and understood, though there was no meeting of eyes. Happy young fellow—maddeningly, impertinently happy!

He sighed. "True."

And the tide rose slowly. It had reached their knees. He trembled.

*"Ah," she said.**"No—it is not fear. I spurn the thought.**The water is cold."*

She smiled.

"Always the Disagreeable Man."

He nodded. The tide had risen to their waists. She was smaller than he. She rested her hand on his arm.

"You promised to tell me when the waters rose. Now, tell me." Pleadingly she gazed deep into his eyes. "Tell me."

Through his drawn lips the words came: "I have written Trolleys That Pass in the Day."

For a moment she swayed as though she would fall. Her cheek paled. He put out his hand to support her.

*"No," she said. And he knew.**The tide had risen to their shoulders.**"And you?"**She shook her head.**"You must speak."**She shook her head.**"Speak! I command you!"*

And he gripped her wrist fiercely, that one could hear something crack. Was it his fingers that cracked—or her queenly wrist? Perhaps! Why solve these problems that narrow the soul into a keen sense-realization of its nothingness?

*Nothingness!—pshaw—the soul—**But we must on.**"It is well then. You shall not speak!"**"Ha! You say that. I will speak."**"You shall not!"**"I will. I wrote—"*

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*"I wrote The Infernal Triplets," she shrieked.**And the tide closed in silence upon them.—*Judge.***Fixing the Responsibility.*

"How did you find matters over at Boomopolis?" asked the able editor of the Hawville Clarion, of Colonel Handy Polk, the enterprising real-estate agent, who had been spending a few days in a neighboring settlement.

"There is nothing going on over there worth mentioning," replied the colonel, "except a lively row between the rain-makers, the Salvation Army, and a few other parties over who deserves the credit for breaking up the long drouth. You see, the town offered a purse of two hundred dollars for a good, soaking rain, and just about the time the rain-makers began operations the Salvation Army commenced praying for the same blessing. Both parties labored zealously, and three or four days ago the rain came down in torrents. Well, then, when the rain-makers came up for their money, the Salvationists put in a claim for it on the ground that the flood was produced by prayer and not by mechanical means. A little later, here came the Methodists, with the announcement that the credit belonged to neither party, but to a kind and beneficent Providence alone; while up jumped the Populists with the pessimistic assertion that it rained because they were having a basket picnic on that day. What few infidels there are in the settlement deny the claims of everybody else, and say that it rained just because it happened to. Hop Wing, the Chinese laundryman, credits the blessing to his Joss, in a sort of left-handed way, alleging that he got tired of pampering his idol to no purpose, and whirled in and pounded the blockhead regularly every day till the lazy rascal got down to business and made it rain. It looks as if the court would have to be called in that

to fix the responsibility.

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Music.

THE practical or more mundane aspects of a life devoted to the profession of music are too frequently lost sight of by musicians who oftentimes appear to forget that there are many other sides to an artist's life besides the purely spiritual, aesthetic or ethereal conditions inseparably associated with the art divine. It is sometimes pointed out by some of our critics, whose observations, it may be incidentally mentioned, must of course be very superficial, that the peculiar life of a musician disqualifies him for participation in the more earnest, or rather more practical, affairs of life. Hence it is sometimes hastily assumed by some that because certain members of the profession show themselves extremely one-sided in their culture, that the great fraternity of musicians must of necessity generally answer the qualifications of a certain species of cranks and oddities, specimens of whom it must unfortunately be admitted can be found in the realm of music as well as in medicine or law or any other profession. It should not, for instance, be taken for granted, because some musicians, or perhaps many of them, lack a sufficient knowledge of the primary principles of bookkeeping to remember to pay their debts, that this failing is of necessity associated with the profession generally. It might be pointed out that many of our most successful musicians, both native and foreign, have served apprenticeships and in some instances have practiced successfully in other professions before finally deciding upon a life devoted entirely to music. Some have, strange as it may appear, honorably engaged in commercial pursuits before taking up music professionally, thus proving that a proper appreciation of the finer aspects of the abstract and spiritual features of music does not necessarily depend upon a narrow culture or an intellectual condition bordering upon imbecility. Indeed, the success of modern musicians is contingent largely upon their general culture and practical common sense. It might not be difficult to demonstrate that the necessary qualifications of a properly equipped musician of our times demand, besides a natural talent for the profession, an intellectual reserve in the mastery of the complicated theoretical study in connection with his profession quite equal to that expected of the most exacting of the so-called learned professions. No profession is, perhaps, so religiously misunderstood as that of music, and the most ardent champion of the cause will no doubt cheerfully admit that much that has been said and written concerning musicians has not been altogether undeserved. As public taste improves, however, and the public are educated to discriminate between the pretense of charlatans and the honest effort of properly qualified musicians, the old-time idea will be surely and completely eradicated.

Having thus somewhat timidly ventured upon an "earthy" aspect of an ethereal calling, I would draw attention to some extracts of the theorizing of a much disturbed Chicago writer, Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, who boldly comes out in an article entitled Music and Nutrition, and after carefully demonstrating that musicians, like other mortals, require to eat and drink, proceeds to enlighten the profession as to what their bill-of-fare should consist of. Mr. Perry says: "We may theorize and rhapsodize as much as we please about pure spirituality, abstract intelligence, impersonal emotions and mind's independence of matter, the fact remains that all these things are dependent upon physical conditions for their slightest manifestation if not for their very existence. . . . The human system can only obtain the necessary chemical elements wherewith to generate much needed nervous force from pure air and from certain articles of food, which have been carefully tabulated by chemists, according to the percentage of valuable properties contained in each, and may be referred to at will. For the unscientific it is surely easy to remember that these elements are chiefly contained in meat, fish, butter, eggs, milk and the whole cereals before they have been tampered with by modern milling processes. No vacation, in my opinion, makes such intense and incessant demands upon the nervous organism as does the study or profession of music. . . . Eggs contain more nutriment for brain and nerves to the bulk than any other food, and can be broken into a glass and eaten with a pinch of salt once or twice a day if necessary. A little Liebig's extract of beef in a cup of boiling water will also be of marked assistance when the nutriment has not been sufficient for the day's work." Mr. Perry does not believe in alcoholic or other stimulants to afford needed energy and vital power, not even such comparatively innocent ones as tea and coffee, still less druge, and draws a comparison between the large number of nervous collapses among music students in America and the very rare occurrences of the same sort among German students, severe as the standards of the latter are. This Mr. Perry attributes to the plain fare about which American young ladies in Germany complain so bitterly, and which consists principally of black bread, *Ochsenfleisch* and a large variety of succulent vegetables, to the partial exclusion of the beloved and starchy potato. "In consequence of which," he says, "they do more work, make more progress and feel more enthusiasm than at any other period of their lives." Mr. Perry, however, says nothing about the nutritive qualities of Bavarian beer, to the effects of which much of the "enthusiasm" and buoyancy he speaks of among students in Germany might perhaps be ascribed with some reason.

Miss Jessie Perry, a young lady of exceptional talent, has been appointed organist of the Northern Congregational church. The musical committee of this church are to be congratulated upon the choice they have made, as Miss Perry bids fair to become one of the most brilliant organists in the city. At the June examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music her remarkably clever work won universal commendation, it being the unanimous

opinion of the examiners that more finished performances than those given by her in her grade had never been heard at the institution. As was mentioned in this column some time since, the position of choirmaster at this church had been offered to and accepted by Mr. A. E. Huestis, a gentleman whose experience, personal qualities and vocal ability eminently qualify him for the work he has undertaken. One may therefore confidently expect the choir of the Northern Congregational church to eventually take its place among the best in the city.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the well known Canadian tenor, who has taken up his abode in England, is rapidly coming to the front in that country. He has already accepted a number of concert engagements for the coming season, among the most prominent of which may be instanced an important concert at the Blackheath Conservatory of Music, London, on November 6; the tenor solo in Dvorak's Spectre Bride, at the Crystal Palace, under Augustus Manns, on November 10, and an engagement to sing at a fashionable concert at the beautiful Erard Hall on November 17. His services are in considerable demand as an instructor, and his success generally in his adopted home seems already assured.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto has added to its list of patronesses the names of Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. George Arthur, who have thus kindly identified themselves with the interests of the organization. The chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir is now complete, all the parts being filled. Among the choristers are some seven or eight prominent choir directors, and the solo talent of at least fifteen of our city church choirs. As might be expected, a splendid quality of tone is the result of the care exercised in the selection of voices. A list of the works to be produced at the first concert, with the names of eminent foreign solo talent and date of the concert, will be announced shortly.

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TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY

One Week, Commencing Monday Afternoon, October 15

Grenier's Lyceum Theater Company from Chicago

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MISS EUNICE VANCE

The Peerless English Comedienne and a Superb Vaudeville Cast, including

The DALY SISTERS, Dancers
S-RACKET BROS.—Musical Marvels
CHAS. SEAMAN, Of Russell's Comedians
CRIMMINGS & GORE, Comedy Inventors
C. J. NEWTON, Comedian
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MILLER BROS. Famous Touts of the World

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STEINWAY PIANO

No matter what price you intend paying for a piano, it will pay you to examine the Steinway, and obtain many ideas that will help you in your selection.

We have a fine assortment of these superb instruments in various woods, and are pleased to show them.

Also our large stock of other fine Pianos at lowest possible prices for cash or on easy terms.

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Lighting, Heating, Ventilation and Acoustic properties excellent. Convenient entrance and dressing rooms, Lavatories, Kitchens with cooking range, and a large series of smaller rooms, seating about one hundred, also on the ground floor. Handsome and handsomely furnished Lodge and Meeting Rooms on the first and second floors.

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is absolutely pure, nothing whatever being added but sugar and flavor.

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Academy of Music.

If the critics of the American papers are to be believed, Torontonians will have an opportunity of seeing one of the best vaudeville companies ever brought to this city, at the Academy next week. The simple announcement made by the management that Miss Eunice Vance, the celebrated London Music Hall comedienne, is with the Greener Lyceum Theater Company, should be in itself a sufficient guarantee that the company is an excellent one. When Miss



Miss Eunice Vance.

Vance last appeared here, she was the leading attraction with Frank Daniels' company. Since then Miss Vance has been in England and now returns with a budget of the latest music hall ballads. Others in the company are the Daly Sisters, the Rackitt brothers, Frank Appel, Lillie Larkelle, Willis Clark and Crimmins and Gore comedians. This really expensive entertainment concludes with Miller brothers' beautiful panoramic tour of the world.

Social and Personal

A smart little tally-ho party left the residence of Mrs. Robert Gooderham, Sherbourne street, on Wednesday of last week for a tour of the city and suburbs, Rosedale and High Park looking lovely in the garbs of autumn, ending up after a most enjoyable time with a little down-town supper and a dance at the residence of Mrs. J. G. Kennedy. The drive was given in honor of friends from the other side. The party consisted of: Mr. Alf. Rogers, Mr. W. J. O'Hara, Mr. T. M. Scott, Mr. Charlie McNaught, Mr. E. V. Kennedy, Mr. Will E. L.

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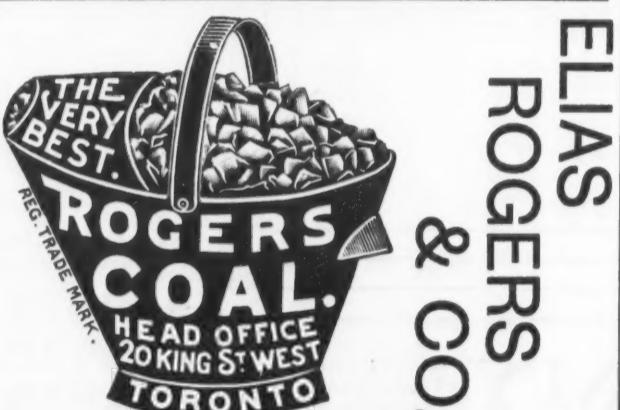
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Hunter, Mr. J. R. Walker, Dr. Trow, Mr. W. J. McWhinney, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Holden of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss O'Hara of Columbus, Ohio, Miss Gibson of Edinburgh, Scotland, Miss Morton, Miss Kennedy, Miss Mathews, Miss Gooderham, Miss Madeline Gooderham and Miss Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick A. Ryan have taken up house at 683 Spadina avenue, where Mrs. Ryan will hold her post nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday next.

Mrs. W. B. Fraleigh of Napanee, who has been visiting Mrs. Webb of Inglewood, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bedell and family, formerly of St. James avenue, have returned from Dundas Cottage, Island Park, and now reside at 30 Nanton crescent, Rosedale.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis gave a musical evening on Wednesday for Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Jarvis of Fort William, who have been spending a brief

holiday in Toronto. Among the guests were: Mr. Meredith, Mrs. Archie McLean, Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Miss Constance Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Miss Yarker, Miss Katherine Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, the Misses Harris, Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Amelius Jarvis, Miss Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple, Miss Du Moulin, Mr. C. Du Moulin, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Campbell Wallbridge, Miss Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. E. W. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. George Burton, Mr. Nichol, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mr. Ricardo Seaver and Mr. Heath. Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Jarvis return to Fort William on Monday next.

A number of teas have been given during the week, partaking of the impromptu suggested when the invitation is inaudibly "halloed" through a recalcitrant telephone.

Mrs. Jane's tea at Benvenuto was the social event of the week, when a very smart and large

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turnout of guests and some charming music, combined to render the affair of musical interest. Mrs. Janes received in an exquisite gown of green miroir velvet, and the Misses Janes wore dainty Parisian gowns. M. Musin and Mr. DeKoven, the interpreter and maker of music who have delighted Toronto this week, were among the guests at Benvenuto.

Mr. George Gooderham, with several members of his family, are booked to sail for Europe very shortly.

Prof. Alexander.

There have been many able exponents of the science of Human Nature in the field at various times, but none at any time or any place have made the brilliant success that has attended Prof. Alexander, who will be before the public here next week at the Auditorium. The New York Sun in a lengthy article speaks of his success as "phenomenal," and the press of the larger cities all over the country have given him the most flattering testimonials ever accorded one in his profession. In the neighboring cities of the province the theaters and halls where his lectures have been crowded night after night, and the papers have been filled with philological items and references. The professor arrived in town last night and will deliver his first lecture on Monday evening.

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in this growing metropolis, being that entirely new, truly superb, cabinets finished, brown stone, pressed brick, detached residence,

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For a doctor or dentist this special location would be unsurpassed by any in Toronto.

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No. 2 Introductory week for Josiah Webb's Pure Cocoas; makes a delicious beverage! absolutely pure and in price excellent value, at 7¢ per lb. for this week only; it is a bargain.

No. 3 Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea. The merits of Oolong Tea is but lightly recognized. The tea is made in much the same way as Darjeeling, but is per lb. the regular price; it is good value. This week only 60¢ per lb.

No. 4 Cleaver's Glycerine Soap—the finest in the world. The importance of using good toilet soap can hardly be overestimated; 10¢ per cake places it within the reach of everyone.

At 70¢ per cake, this week only, it should be an inducement to give it a trial.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FERRIER—Oct. 9. Mrs. Walter Ferrier—a son.

DOLAN—Oct. 7. Mrs. J. F. Dolan—a son.

KERFER—Oct. 8. Mrs. W. Naples Kerfer—a daughter.

RUSSELL—Oct. 9. Thomas S. Russell—a son.

DREWRY—Oct. 5. Mrs. Will S. Drewry—a son.

BOOTH—Oct. 4. Mr. A. O. Booth—a daughter.

COOPER—Oct. 5. Mr. G. Cooper—a son.

FEACHEM—Sept. 30. Mr. F. O. MacEacham—a son.

RICK—Sept. 30. Mrs. O. F. Rick—a son.

ROY—Oct. 2. Mrs. F. Roy—twin daughters.

CLEMENT—Oct. 2. Mrs. W. H. P. Clement—a daughter.

Marrages.

WRIGHT—MILLER—On Wednesday, Oct. 10, at the residence of the bride's mother, 266 Wellington street west, by Rev. Dr. D. B. Miller, rector of St. Paul's, Alexander A. Wright, secretary of The Victoria Harbor Lumber Co., Toronto, to Lillian E., eldest daughter of Mr. E. J. Miller.

GARDNER—TENNANT—Oct. 9. James Gardner to W.

Tennant.

MCNAUL—MCDONALD—Oct. 9. David McNaull to Ethel McDonald.

HEYD—BUCK—Oct. 8. George D. Heyd to Anna C. Buck.

BURROWS—NEWBOLD—Sept. 26. Hyde, James Cronyn Burrows to Annie Newbold.

HORN—JONES—Sept. 18. J. C. O. Hornwood to Mary Elizabeth Jones.

ROSS—HALLIDAY—Oct. 9. Robert A. Ross to Margaret Halliday.

HILL—JOHNSON—Oct. 10. Frederic W. Hill to Henrietta Johnson.

MCGOWAN—MCDONNELL—Oct. 10. F. McGowen to Alice McDonnell.

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